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A TWO-PART STORY, BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN,
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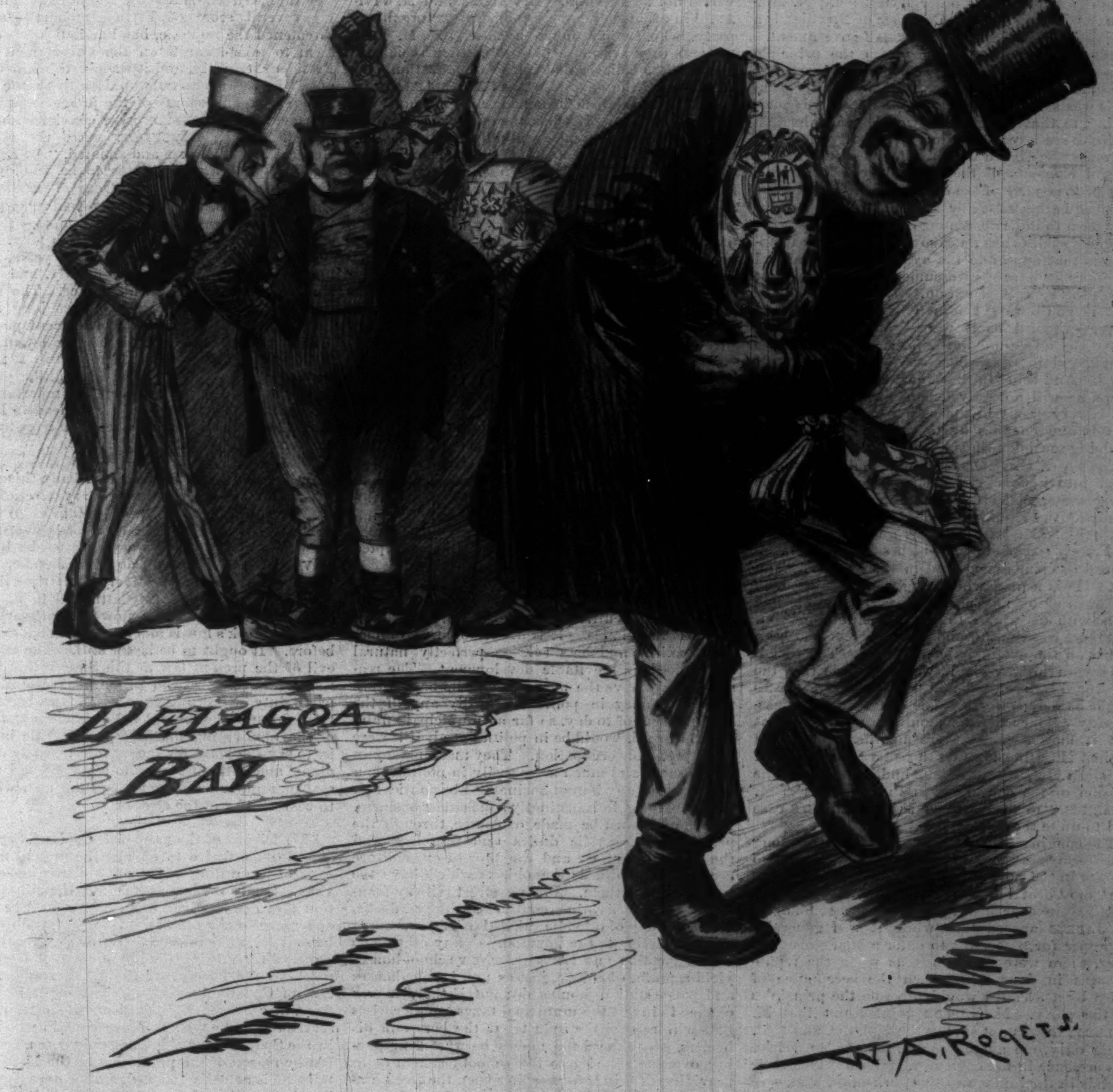

THE DREIBUND AT WORK.

OOM PAUL: "IT ISS TO LAUGH!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 20, 1900

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Some Practical Socialism

IT does no violence to our general experience of humanity to believe that professional socialists, *intransigeants* though they like to call themselves, will do no otherwise than all politicians do when they find it convenient to exchange a bit of principle for a share of power. One of the principles of the French socialistic party is that no one of its members shall take office under any other faction; but M. Millerand, its leader in the Chamber of Deputies, is a member of the Waldeck-Rousseau government.

How to reconcile the fact with the principle was what bothered the socialists at their congress the other day, and the manner in which the principle was skipped and the power retained is reassuring to that part of the world which has no desire to see a redistribution of property either by lot or in accordance with the fancy of the unsuccessful elements of the community. The narration of the course of the discussion in the congress on the question raised by M. Millerand's conduct will seem to indicate, among other things, that the fiercest socialists are not above the ordinary temptations that appeal to the average politician, and therefore it is safe to assume that they are not above the appeals of reason. The point is this—that if you once get a man fixed in a place of power—steadied, as it were—you get him quite above the noise and heat of the contest through which, and in consequence of which, he has arrived. And being in the calmer and cooler atmosphere, he will not only listen to sensible counsel, but is very likely in the end to astonish his old friends and enemies by talking sense, and even by doing sensible things.

The sin of M. Millerand was that he had entered into a bourgeois cabinet—the bourgeoisie being the special objects of the hatred and contempt of the socialists, and of the bombs of the anarchists. M. Millerand is an important man in French socialism. He is, besides, the longest-headed parliamentary hand in the French Chamber. He is a man who, being once possessed by socialism or by any party, appears to be the one man without whom that party cannot get on. But there was the sin, and the congress had been called on the eve of its commission. The socialists began to waver. It was inevitable that the sin would be discussed, and perhaps M. Millerand might be driven forth. The congress was consequently adjourned from month to month; but at last it met, after a severe manifesto launched against M. Millerand by those terrible leaders of socialism MM. Jules Guesde and Vaillant. The mission of the congress was, in the words of M. Charmes, "to decide upon M. Millerand's case and to unite the party."

The congress discussed the case during six long and stormy sessions, one of them lasting until two o'clock in the morning, and the interruptions were the "most brutal and insulting," says M. Charmes, "that were ever heard in a public assemblage." M. Jaurès argued that while it was generally improper for a socialist to enter a bourgeois ministry, there were exceptions, as when the republic was in danger, or when the acceptance of office by a socialist would promote the principles of the party. M. Guesde pointed out that M. Millerand was not saving the republic, and that, being only one among many, he was powerless. His presence in the cabinet actually deceived their friends in the mines and the workshops, who were ready to strike at any favorable opportunity. Foolishly believing, by M. Millerand's appointment, that they had a friend at court, they had undertaken to throw down their employers, and at Creuzot and Belfort they found that Millerand had not changed the government in any respect; they were arrested for the commission of violence in the same old way. It was wrong, thought M. Guesde, to deceive these simple and candid people in this manner. But Jaurès kept on, not minding Guesde's logic or Lafargue's picturesque account of his manners, until the congress—consisting of fifty of the expected five hundred delegates—declared that while it was wrong for socialists to take office under the bourgeoisie, there were exceptions to the rule, and M. Millerand's case was one of them.

The important fact about this congress is that it organized French socialism, and demonstrated that it was not really a serious factor in French politics. A committee was appointed which is to judge whether the exception is presented; whether the conditions permitting a socialist to enter the cabinet, or M. Millerand to remain a member of the present government, have arisen. This places over a minister a power superior to that of the Chamber of Deputies, to which he is legally responsible. The socialist minister will lose his influence in the Chamber, if he has any, because he will be recognized as the servant and mouth-piece of an unofficial body outside the Chamber; and all parties and factions will unite against the one faction which has no mind of its own, and with which, therefore, no agreement can safely be made. Moreover, the first attempt of the committee to coerce a socialist Deputy or editor or group will necessarily lead to the overthrow of the committee. Socialists are not the kind of people to obey; if they were they would not be socialists. M. Jaurès and M. Viviani think that they have established an organized party, which they favor because, like M. Millerand, they are more politicians than socialists. M. Charmes believes that in this organization, and by reason of the appointment of M. Millerand in the cabinet, socialism has made an enormous advance in France. If it has, the outlook is unpromising for Germany, and eventually for the rest of the world. But it seems to us that the conduct of the socialists and their congress, as well as the illogical attempt to rule natural revolutionists by a central power, answers the prophet of foreboding. The party which carried the day and the congress are led by men who are willing to compromise for power, and who will therefore, as we have said, eventually listen to reason; and the groups that refused to send delegates because they did not wish to be bound by the action of the congress will the more easily fly apart by the very effort to press them together. French socialism is especially worthy of study, because it is the most highly wrought socialism of our time, the socialism most nearly like what all socialism will come to be—excitable, quarrelsome, unjust, tyrannical, and containing the seed of its own dissolution. Socialism will some day, perhaps, rule some part of the world. It may be France or it may be Germany; but its rule will be brief, for the very causes which led to the decision of this French congress to violate its principles and its own essence. The impossibility of socialistic government in general will be shown by the failure of this attempted government in particular.

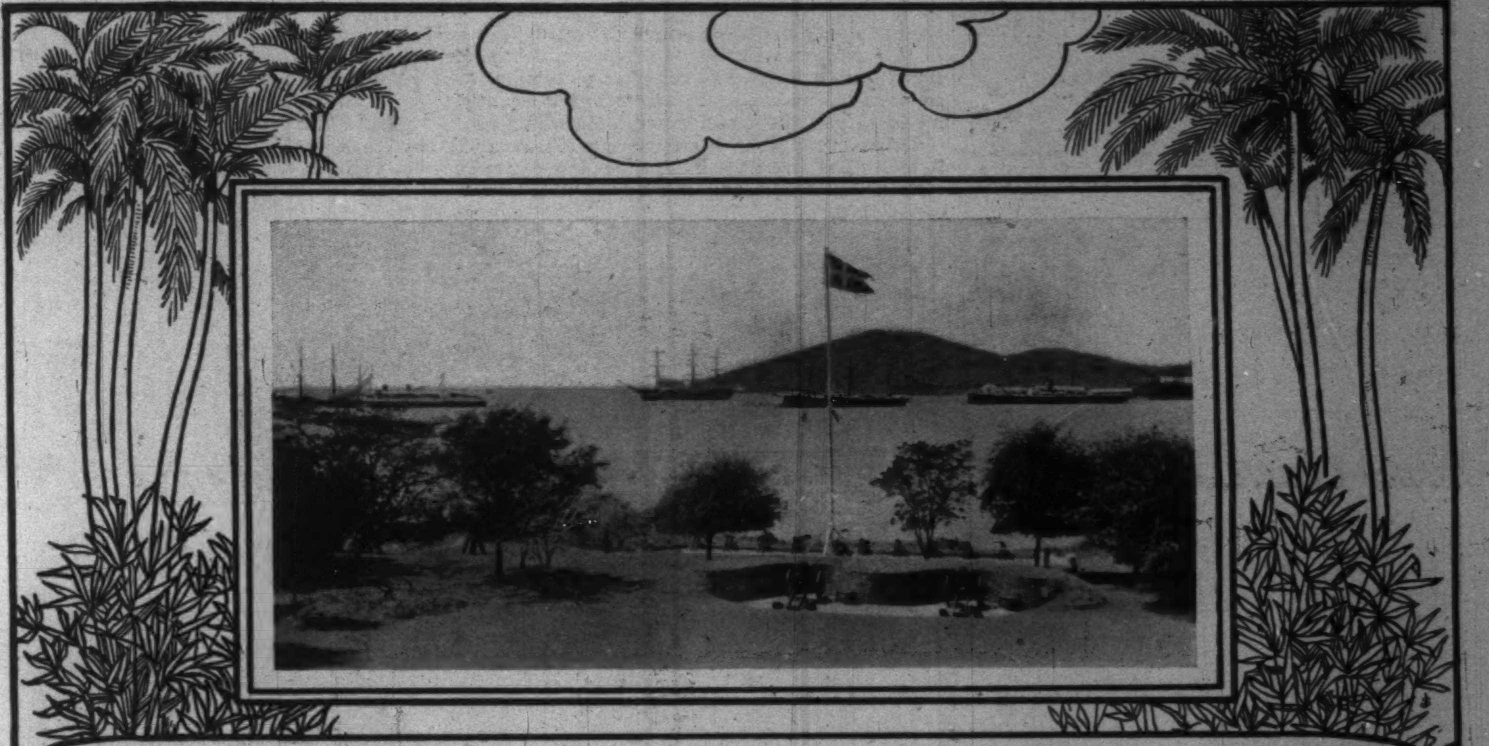
THE assault of Tammany officials upon education and cultivation is worthy of more than passing notice. It is a development of machine politics and boss rule—a perfectly natural and, indeed, an inevitable development. The reason why we have the machine and its boss is that there is money in politics. Hardly any of the party leaders of to-day, so far as municipal affairs are concerned, would be in politics at all if it were not a profitable occupation. They make money in larger sums and much more easily in politics than they could in any honest business. For politics as a vocation for gain is distinctly a dishonest business. The money must be made, of course, through the perversion of public duties and functions, and the energy of effort and the flow of expenditure are directed towards the objects which have the most profit in them. Paving, street-railway franchises, bridges, lighting contracts, subways, docks, and a variety of other municipal needs are much more attractive to the Tammany or any other boss than education and libraries. New school-houses yield a profit, of course, just as new engine-houses and police-station houses do; but if there is any chance to invest the municipal taxes in enterprises that will reward the industry of the boss and his heelers, why should the money be wasted in paying overdue salaries to the school-teachers, or in providing the funds for keeping open the free libraries on Sunday? This experiment of starving the teachers and the free libraries which is now being tried in New York will inaugurate a new era of ignorance and illiteracy if Tammany succeeds, and it will succeed unless good citizens utter the kind of protest which still has the power of driving back the bosses into their kennels, out of which they sometimes venture too far.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE gave $300,000 to the Cooper Union in order that the wish of the founder might be carried out to its full extent. The opening of the year has been marked by other generous gifts to educational institutions. Especially noteworthy is a gift of $150,000 by Mr. George R. Sheldon and his brother to St. Paul's School, Garden City, Long Island. It is not only to commemorate the generosity of the donors that we mention these gifts, but to call attention to the wisdom displayed by them in leaving to those who know best the determination of the objects for which their money is to be expended. It is too often the fashion to give money to schools and colleges for the carrying out of the ideas of the donors, and occasionally gifts of this sort are sad burdens. They may change, or at least harm, the purpose of the institution; and frequently, by not providing quite enough for the donor's purpose, they become burdens on the general fund, already overtaxed. There is frequently not much generosity in a gift to a school unless the gift is to be used for the general welfare of the institution. Mr. Carnegie may not have had a choice in giving to Cooper Union, but at least he has given to carry out the founder's wishes, and we trust that the example will be generally followed by donors who come after him.

THE Senate was probably a disproportionately dignified court to try Déroulède and the several score of French monarchists who threatened the republic, but Parisian juries do not seem to take assaults on the government or its President seriously, and it was worth while to find out if any Frenchmen would rally to the monarchy, or to any enemy of the present republic, if a leader like Déroulède were convicted and sentenced. When Déroulède seized the reins of General Roget's horse and shouted, "*À l'Élysée!*" meaning that the army was to be employed to overturn the government, General Roget was willing enough, but something had taught him that the army would not follow him, and that the game was too dangerous for him to play. Now Déroulède is sent into exile for ten years, shouting, posing, and heroizing generally, and not a ripple disturbs the political surface. The ridiculous Guérin, who held the fort so long in his house, and with whom the government played—possibly with a view of turning the attention of the populace from the Dreyfus trial at Rennes—goes to jail, and two other absurdities go into exile. And there is not even an important protest. Surely the legitimists are as dead in France as the Bonapartists, and the republic lives to make its own way out of its own difficulties.

SOME effort is to be made at Albany this winter to further reform the primary-election law. The reform of primary elections is to be the next great task of the friends of good government. How many years ago it was suggested by the late David Dudley Field we do not remember, but it is only within a comparatively short time that attention has been seriously attracted to it. California and Maryland have now good primary laws, and New York's law is much better than it ever was before. It ought to be better still. The essential evil of the present law in this State is that it continues to recognize the primary as essentially a party duty or task. As the candidates become official through the present ballot law, the treatment of the nominating machinery as private business is, to say the least, an incongruity. State officers alone, and without regard to party, should set the seal of regular candidacy upon the men who are to be voted for at the election.

ALL friends of the navy will applaud Secretary Long's desire to change the present method of rewarding officers for distinguished services. Under the law as it stands, the only promotion that can be given to an officer must be at the expense of other officers. He is jumped over the heads of his elders, who therefore suffer injustice, some of them being thereby prevented from ever reaching the highest grade in the service. The case of Captain Clarke of the *Oregon* is a most flagrant instance of injustice. He certainly deserved as great a reward as any captain who served in the Spanish war. He not only gets no reward, but by reason of the promotion of the Manila captains he is actually reduced, and is now two numbers below where he would have been if there had been no war at all. The ideal remedy would be to make new numbers for the officers to be promoted. But Mr. Long recommends medals and increased pay, and with that suggestion most, if not all, of the captains who fought at Santiago are content.



The GATEWAY *of the* CARIBBEAN

By William Drysdale

"THE place which is on the way to every other place," is the mariner's terse way of describing St. Thomas. When he lays his course for any part of the Caribbean Sea, the tip of his horny finger points first to St. Thomas. To call the little island the gateway of the Caribbean is not mere poetic fancy. The shortest and best course from England to any Central-American port, for steam or sail, is by St. Thomas. The route from Spain to Cuba or Mexico is by St. Thomas. For the lines from the United States to Brazil, the most convenient port of call is St. Thomas. To go from the Greater to the Lesser Antilles, one goes by the way of St. Thomas. Nature has given this half-way house of the sea a prestige that even the commercial supremacy of Barbadoes has not overshadowed.

So great is the importance of this little dot in the Antillean chain, whether considered from a naval or from a commercial stand-point, that in a revival of the old question of making the Danish West Indies a part of the United States, St. Thomas is the main point for investigation. It is not the largest of the Danish islands, nor the richest, nor the most populous; but it is the one of the three Danish islands that would be of greatest value to this country. And it is the nearest neighbor to the American island of Puerto Rico. The only land lying between Puerto Rico and St. Thomas is in the two islands of Culebra and Vieques, which were politically attached to Puerto Rico, and were surrendered to the United States with that island. The distance from the American island of Culebra to the may-be-an American island of St. Thomas is less than twenty miles.

The geographical position of the Danish islands gives them a peculiar importance to the ruling power of Puerto Rico. The West Indies is not now the unknown land that it was to many Americans at the beginning of the Spanish war, but there are still President-makers who find it hard to distinguish between the Bahamas and the Bermudas. Much easier than making that distinction is laying a course to the Danish Antilles. A hundred miles south of the lower end of Florida lies Cuba, and to reach St. Thomas from there one need only travel toward the rising sun, verging always a trifle to the south. Past San Domingo, past Puerto Rico, almost on a line with the northern edge of the latter, lies St. Thomas, in north latitude 18.20, about 650 miles east by south of the easterly end of Cuba.

When Columbus made his second voyage, in 1493, he discovered the little group to which the Danish islands belong, and named them the Virgin Isles. Whether the discovery was made on St. Ursula's day, or whether the stringing out of the islands in procession reminded him of the procession of the 11,000 virgins, is a question that historians find pleasure in disagreeing upon. The Virgin Isles, at any rate, they became, and after as many vicissitudes as their larger neighbors, the end of the nineteenth century finds them almost equally divided between the Danes and the British, four of them belonging to Great Britain, and three to Denmark.

Columbus found the Virgin Isles peopled by Caribs, or Arrawaks; hunters, basket-makers, gentle and rather gentlemanly savages with light brown skins and scanty clothes. The buccaneers of various nations, with their powder and lead, their fire-water, small-pox, and other civilizing influences, made short work of the gentle Caribs. Then for a time the buccaneers held sway, and finding and appreciating the noble harbor of St. Thomas, made of that island a little paradise in romantic story—a little perdition, in fact. A commercial company, backed by Danish and German capital, next took possession, and continued the civilizing process by making St. Thomas the grand depot for West-Indian smugglers, and the clearing-house for slaves caught in Africa and shipped as merchandise to the Western Continent.

The Elector of Brandenburg was director of that commercial company, which soon extended its operations to the neighboring islands of St. Croix and St. John. He was succeeded as director by the King of Denmark; and through that succession the three islands ultimately became dependencies of the Danish crown. That was more than two centuries ago, but the islands are still dependencies in every sense of the word, for their income is never sufficient to pay their expenses.

From the statistician's stand-point the present condition of the three islands may be summed up in this way:

Islands.	Area in square miles.	Population.
St. Thomas	23	14,389
St. John	21	944
St. Croix	74	18,430
Total	118	33,763

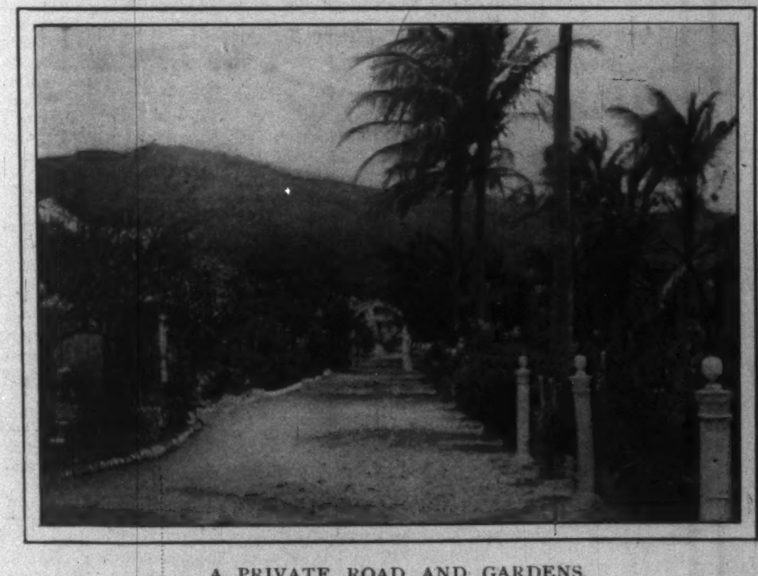
Average sugar exports	14,000,000 lbs.
Annual export of rum	1,000,000 gals.
Annual revenue	£27,000
Annual expenditure	£38,000

Those are the figures of 1890, the most recent obtainable, and they have not materially changed in the last ten years.

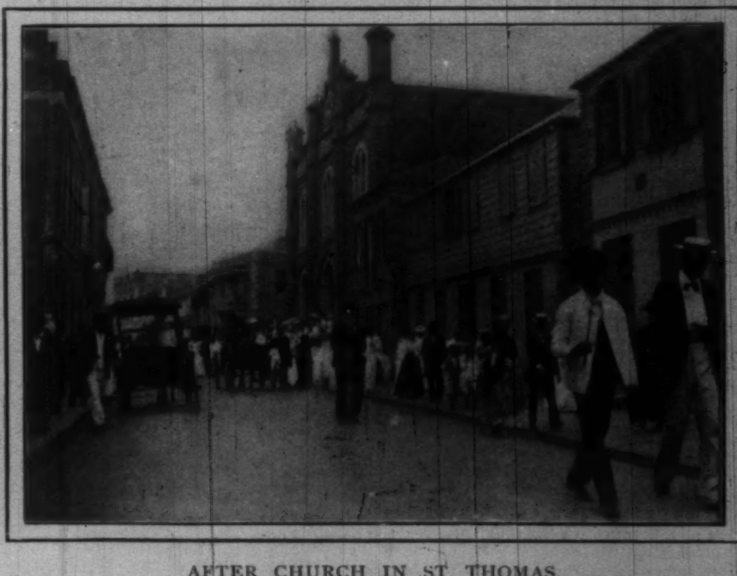
All the nations have contributed toward making the St. Thomas of to-day, but the Danes laid the foundation by making it a free port. As it was the only free port in the West Indies, it soon became a great store-house for goods that were eventually to be distributed among the other islands. With one of the best harbors in the Caribbean Sea, free entry for goods, and the wise Danish policy of non-interference in her neighbors' quarrels, the present city of nearly 14,000 inhabitants came into existence.

The town and harbor are the island, in considering the question of purchase. The island is of volcanic origin, rocky, mountainous, totally unfit for cultivation in the greater part of its area. If we desire to buy farm-lands, we can do better. It is incapable of producing enough to support its few inhabitants. But, to be sure, England might find better wheat-fields than she has on the Gibraltar rock, and still Gibraltar is not offered for sale.

To the city is usually given the name of the island, though its official name is Charlotte Amalie. It contains



A PRIVATE ROAD AND GARDENS.



AFTER CHURCH IN ST. THOMAS.

A PUBLIC WELL.

the bulk of all the inhabitants of the island. Here and there are scattered a few sugar-planters, who reach the town by roads moderately well made by the Danes, lead lives that are more pleasant than profitable, and work hard at keeping their blacks at work. There is no slave-driver's lash, of course, on a Danish island; but though the St. Thomas blacks are noted among West-Indian negroes for their industry, they still have a cardiac depression when hard work is in sight.

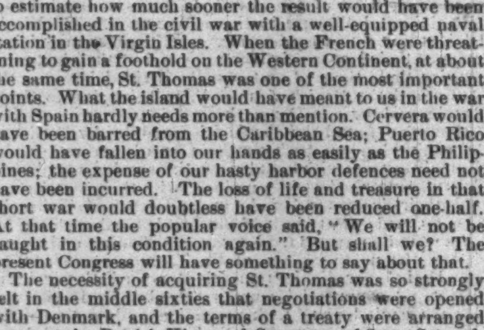
The Danes are a clean people, and clean people make a clean town. The sickening sights and smells of old-time Santiago or Havana are altogether absent. The streets are paved and sometimes swept, garbage is carted away, and sewerage is an easy problem in a town that slopes abruptly down to the sea. But this cleanliness is altogether official. The Danes make a small showing in the population, and the people of other nations, who all use their own languages and follow their own customs, would soon acquire a real West-Indian filth if the government would allow it. Until it is made easier to carry a garbage-pail away than to empty it into the street, West-Indian cleanliness will be largely due to the government that says "you must."

These other people, the Uitlanders of St. Thomas, are principally Spanish, Dutch, French, English, and American. They enjoy equal freedom, and freely use their own languages in conducting their business. There are many descendants of Protestant emigrants from the south of France, who came over from Holland after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled in the Brandenburg quarter, just beyond the town. The harbor is a deep round basin surrounded by high hills, the highest point being 1560 feet. At the base of the hills, and following the harbor lines, lies the city, its main thoroughfare skirting the shore for about a mile and a half. Here the character of the buildings is as diversified as the language of the business signs, Frenchmen having followed French traditions, and representatives of all the other nations having followed their example. In general, however, the structures are square, built of stone, with tiled roofs, and low, like all West-Indian buildings, on account of the occasional hurricanes. There were great hurricanes in 1819, in 1837, and in 1867.

The harbor of St. Thomas is of sufficient size for naval and mercantile needs, and is one of the best in the West Indies. About one-half of the circle is walled by mountains, and a fourth by bold rocky headlands. Two of the greatest of these headlands guard the two sides of the entrance; and they alone, with modern military equipment, would make the approaches untenable. In the hands of the United States the island could readily be made the peer of Malta or Gibraltar as a military and naval station. Many outer reefs and shoals render it unapproachable except by the channels. The depth of water in the harbor is ample for all purposes without dredging. In about three-fourths of its extent it gives a depth of from 30 to 90 feet at low tide. In the other quarter the depth is nowhere less than 18 feet.

More than once this government has felt the need of St. Thomas for a naval station. It would be idle to begin now to estimate how much sooner the result would have been accomplished in the civil war with a well-equipped naval station in the Virgin Isles. When the French were threatening to gain a foothold on the Western Continent, at about the same time, St. Thomas was one of the most important points. What the island would have meant to us in the war with Spain hardly needs more than mention. Cervera would have been barred from the Caribbean Sea; Puerto Rico would have fallen into our hands as easily as the Philippines; the expense of our hasty harbor defences need not have been incurred. The loss of life and treasure in that short war would doubtless have been reduced one-half. At that time the popular voice said, "We will not be caught in this condition again." But shall we? The present Congress will have something to say about that.

The necessity of acquiring St. Thomas was so strongly felt in the middle sixties that negotiations were opened with Denmark, and the terms of a treaty were arranged between the Danish King and Secretary-of-State Seward. After frequent discussions in the cabinet of President Lincoln, and afterward in the cabinet of President Johnson, Mr. Seward determined to visit the Danish islands to see for himself. He sailed in January, 1866, in the U. S. steamer *De Soto*, and went direct to Charlotte Amalie, where he was warmly welcomed by both government and people. Everything on the island that would hold a charge of powder was loaded to salute him, and the whole population turned out to do him honor as he drove up past the Blackbeard and Bluebeard castles to a welcoming dinner in the Government House. These two old castles are relics of the buccaneering days. During his stay he spent some hours with Santa Anna, who at that time occupied a villa on a hill-top just outside of the city.



A TYPICAL HILL-SIDE STREET, WITH WATER-COURSE DOWN THE MIDDLE.

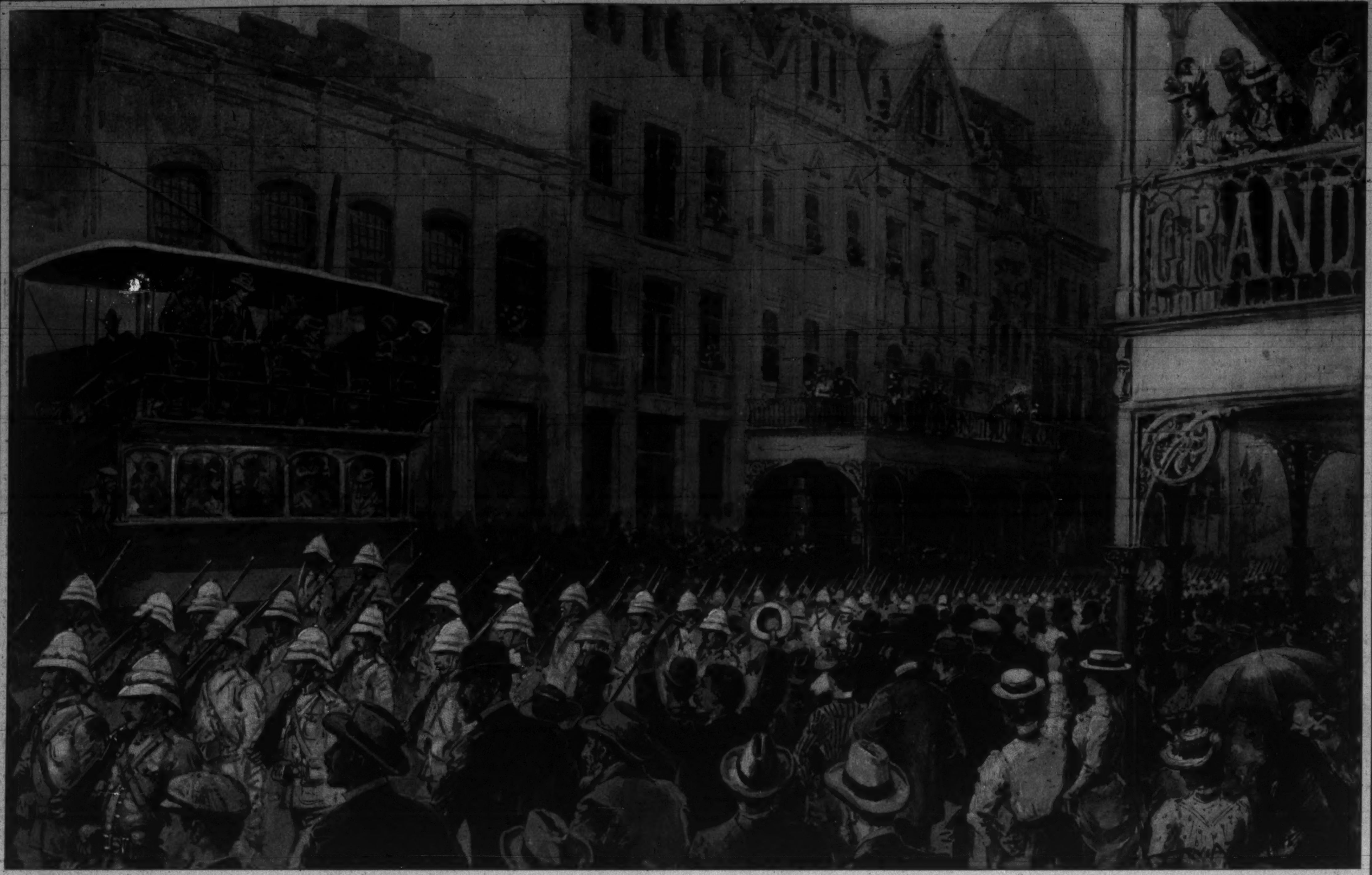
This visit determined the attitude of the cabinet in the matter. Mr. Seward was so much impressed with the importance of the station that he immediately opened negotiations with the King of Denmark for its purchase. The question was submitted to popular vote on the islands, to sell or not to sell, and the voters were almost unanimously in favor of annexation to the United States. The price agreed upon was $5,000,000 for the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, and every preliminary was settled. But Congress refused to ratify the treaty.

To speak of a volcanic island is to give an impression of bleak hills, bare cliffs, unsightly barrenness. But volcanic formations in the far North and in the warm tropics have little in common. The whole island of St. Thomas is the summit of a mountain, whose base is on the sea-bottom; but it is a mountain-peak in a region of eternal sunshine and frequent warm rains, where even among the porphyritic rocks the growth of vegetation is quick and strong. There are few long-continued rains in St. Thomas, but hard, warm showers are frequent. Vegetation is more than abundant everywhere—the rich, comforting, beautiful vegetation of the tropics. Bare spots are covered with green; barren fields are hidden beneath a thick blanket of undying verdure. Although much of the land is not suitable for cultivation (and the same may be said of almost every island in the West Indies), the soil produces all the vegetation of that prolific region, and the fruits of the tropics are abundant.

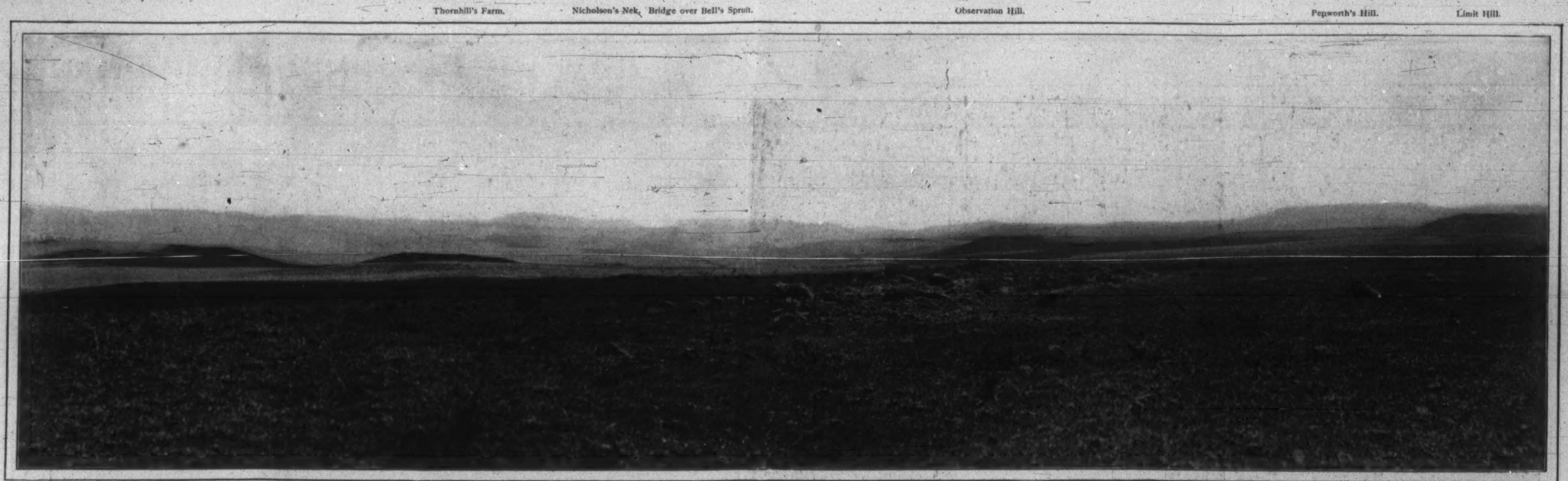
The odd customs of this unarmed Gibraltar offer an inviting field to the student or the writer, but they can hardly be considered in so brief a sketch. Naturally they are many where on a small island the customs of the Danes, the French, the Spanish, the English, Americans, Dutch, Africans, and a dozen more rub shoulders without amalgamating. Nowhere else, perhaps, was the neighborhood medicine-chest ever kept in duplicate. Until recently the sale of medicines was a government monopoly. The privilege was sold to one firm only, but that firm was compelled to keep everything in duplicate, and to store the two stocks in separate buildings, so that in case of fire the people should not go undrugged.

The need of medicines in St. Thomas, however, is wonderfully small. It takes little experience of the West Indies to learn that rich soil, with the rank vegetation it brings, is a propagator of disease, and that health dwells in the rocks and sands. St. Thomas is rocky, and therefore healthful. There are no rivers to breed miasma in sluggish pools, and the springs are counted on one finger. It is noted as a health resort.

The area of the island is only 23½ square miles. But in 23½ square miles much coal may be stored; from that foundation wonderfully large guns may be fired.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAPE TOWN FROM THE DOCK TO THE RAILWAY STATION.—DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 67.]


Thornhill's Farm.
Nicholson's Nek.
Bridge over Bell's Spruit.
Observation Hill.
Pepworth's Hill.
Limit Hill.

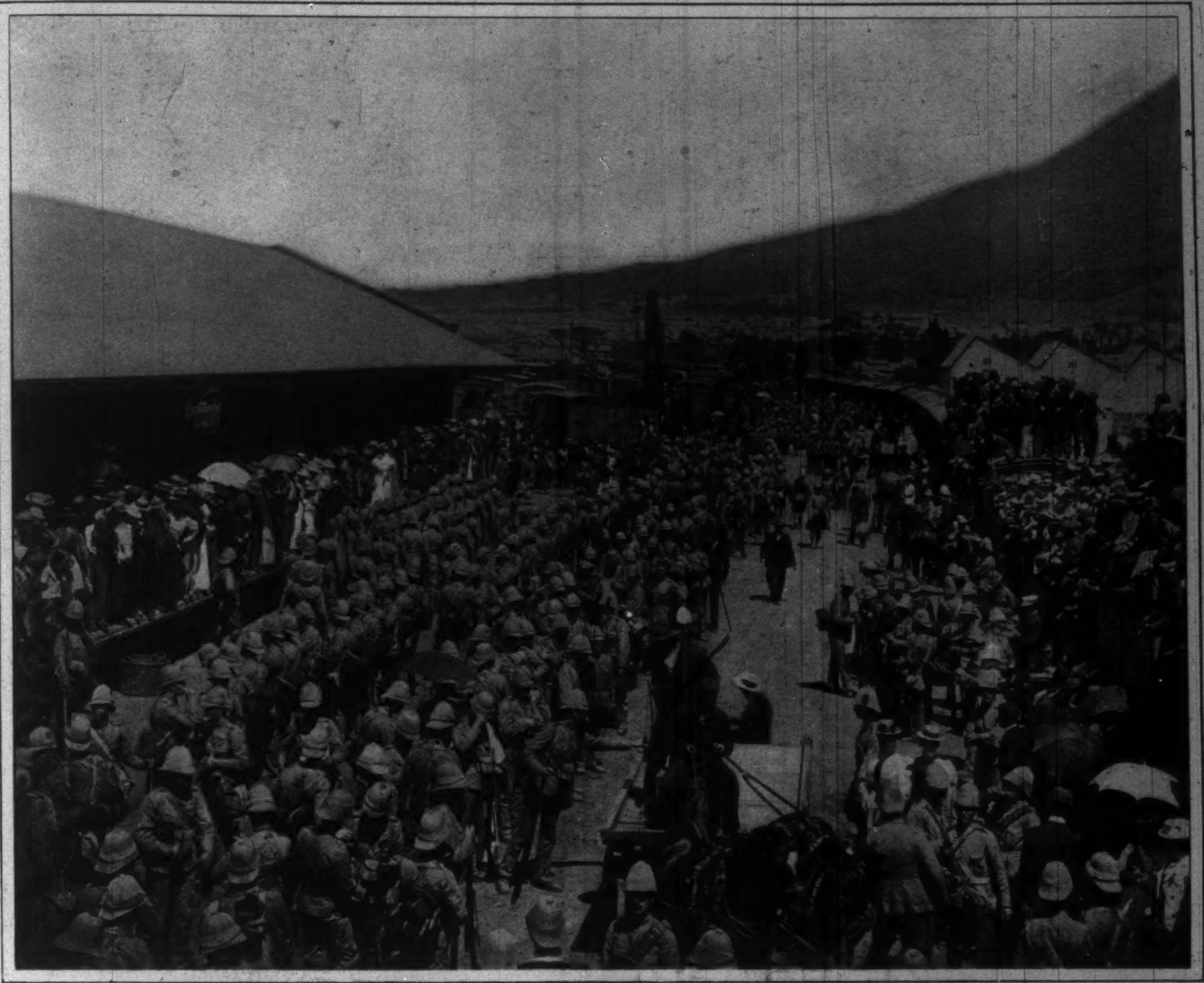
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE COUNTRY NORTH OF LADYSMITH, AS SEEN FROM THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE BELEAGUERED CITY.
Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls.

THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS PLACING THEIR HORSES ON THE TRAIN AT CAPE TOWN.

DR. WILLIAM J. LEYDS,
European Agent of the Boer Republic.
See Page 68.

THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE AND GORDON HIGHLANDERS' CAMP AT LADYSMITH.
Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LADYSMITH AND CAPE TOWN.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT ABOUT TO LEAVE CAPE TOWN FOR THE FRONT.

See Page 67.

England's Butcher and Baker

IF the United States were to suddenly stop the present regular shipments of breadstuffs and meat to England it would be but a few weeks at the most before the United Kingdom would be suffering from the direst famine, for the United States has England at her mercy in that most vital point in a nation's life—its food-supply.

During the past year England bought of other countries $200,000,000 worth of meat and $225,000,000 worth of wheat, wheat flour, and corn. Of this enormous bill for bread and meat about 60 per cent., or $255,000,000, was paid to the United States. In the same period the English people consumed all the meat they raised themselves, and bought from foreign countries, in addition, 570,000 head of live cattle, 664,000 head of live sheep, and 1,650,000,000 pounds of meat slaughtered abroad. It is in this last item that the United States has recently perfected its hold upon the British meat-market; for it is the American dressed beef which supplies the butchers' stalls of all the large centres of population. Any shortage would be felt in these places first, and it is here the hand-to-mouth class of the population is found—the class from which is recruited in times of stress the unreasoning, dangerous, and destructive mob.

England's importations of live butcher's stock have not increased much in the past twenty years; in fact, in 1883, 1890, and 1893 they were greater than for the past year. The importations of dressed meat have gained steadily in volume, until now they are twice as great as they were twenty years ago. Adding the totals of live and dead meat, it is shown that the meat importations, as a whole, have nearly doubled in twenty years. The total importations of all kinds of meat and other animal produce have risen from $200,000,000 in 1878 to nearly $400,000,000 in 1899. The total of all animal produce in 1878 is the total of the meat bill alone in 1899. The balance is found in the importation of butter, oleo, cheese, milk, rabbits, poultry, and game, eggs, and lard.

The part played by the United States in this great trade is, as shown, most important. This is not only because of the enormous amount of money which comes to this country from the sale of material, but because of the fact that so much of this amount is paid for American labor engaged in preparing the material for market. Of the total of $125,000,000 worth of meat supplied to England by the United States, less than thirty million is derived from the sale of live-stock. Even this employs a lot of labor in the handling, but nothing like that employed in the preparation of the other $95,000,000 worth of meat-supplies, which are practically manufactured goods. The following figures show how the American meat trade with England is distributed among the various branches of the industry. The sales for the year ending July 1, 1899, were as follows:

Canned meats, 22,723,000 pounds, valued at $2,066,000.
Fresh beef, 281,041,000 pounds, valued at $23,456,000.
Salted beef, 20,035,000 pounds, valued at $1,186,000.
Bacon, 395,474,000 pounds, valued at $30,312,000.
Hams, 177,762,000 pounds, valued at $16,366,000.
Pork. 90,686,000 pounds, valued at $5,825,000.
Lard, 204,645,000 pounds, valued at $12,310,000.
Oleo, 7,660,000 pounds, valued at $476,000.

In addition to the above, England bought in the same period from the United States 308,000 head of live cattle, valued at $28,213,000, and 98,000 head of live sheep, valued at $702,000.

It must be remembered that all live sheep and cattle imported into England must be slaughtered within ten days of their landing. This is done for the alleged protection of the British farmer, though the idea is apparently illogical and absurd. The American has no complaint to make, however, for he has a demand at home for all his feeders, and plenty of stuff to fatten them with. This regulation has also resulted in a tremendous stimulus to the dressed-meat industry in the United States, the shipments abroad having nearly doubled in the last five years.

It seems remarkable that England, a country great because of its commercial enterprise and forethought, should have allowed itself to drift into the dependent position it now occupies in relation to the United States. No other country has sufficient surplus to supply England's needs, but, with all her colonial possessions, it might have been possible for England to have developed her own resources, so as to supply her own people at least with bread and meat. There has been much talk in England about establishing great public warehouses, wherein provision could be made against famine, but this has not yet been done, nor is it likely.

Converting all of England's meat importations into live weight, they amount to a yearly consumption for food of 4,000,000 imported animals. Every day in the past year England consumed 2865 head of cattle, 6358 sheep, and 1019 hogs raised in foreign countries. This represents a trade of $300,000 a day. Compared with the year before, this was a decrease in the daily consumption of 95 head of cattle, but an increase of 298 sheep and 384 hogs. The decrease in the consumption of cattle is due to the greater demand in the home market of the United States, and consequent higher prices. This is the reason for the scarcity of meat in the British market last year, and is an excellent illustration of the direct dependence of the British public upon the United States for the staples of its daily meal.

The point of greatest interest to Americans in considering the future of this meat trade with England is the remarkable development of South America as a possible rival. While the relative percentage of meat which goes to England from there is still small, it is rapidly increasing in quality as well as in quantity.

The price of meat is governed by the number of cattle and sheep in existence, and the British meat experts are already figuring closely and anxiously upon the world's supply and the prospects for the future. In these figures they find nothing to indicate lower prices; on the contrary, they find good basis for the belief that meat will become even dearer than it is now. In nine European countries, as compared with thirty years ago, there are more cattle in every country per thousand acres, but when this increase is compared with that in the population in the same period it is shown that the number of cattle has decreased relatively. The population in the countries referred to has increased from 140,000,000 to 173,000,000, or 24 per cent., while the cattle have increased only 21 per cent.

The great source of surplus meat is the United States; and here, during the past ten years, the number of cattle (leaving dairy herds out of consideration) per 1000 people has fallen from 589 to 365, or from 37,000,000 to 28,000,000. This is 9,000,000 less cattle, with a greatly increased population, and one which is enjoying great prosperity, rising wages, and constantly increasing the per capita consumption of meat. In the same nine European countries referred to the number of sheep has decreased 28 per cent., while, as before noted, the population has increased 24 per cent. In the United States sheep have also decreased by over 2,000,000 head. In no country in the world has there been of late any increase in the number of sheep as compared with the increase in population except in the colony of New South Wales.

A suspension of commercial relations with England would have a disastrous effect upon the American grain and meat market, but such suspension could not last for long; for, despite her great naval and military power, England is weak at her base of supplies. She would soon be starved out if she quarrelled with the United States. This is not a matter of conjecture. It is a mathematical demonstration.

J. D. Whelpley.

JAPAN

MR. JUTARO KOMURA

CHINA

MR. WU TING-FANG

COREA

THE COREAN LEGATION

GERMANY

HERR Von HOLLEBEN

GREAT BRITAIN

LORD PAUNCEFOTE

FRANCE

Mons. JULES CAMBON

ARGENTINE REP.

DR. MERON

RUSSIA

COUNT CASSINI

PORTUGAL

VISCOUNT De SANTO-THYRSO

VENEZUELA

DON A. F. PULIDO

FRANCE

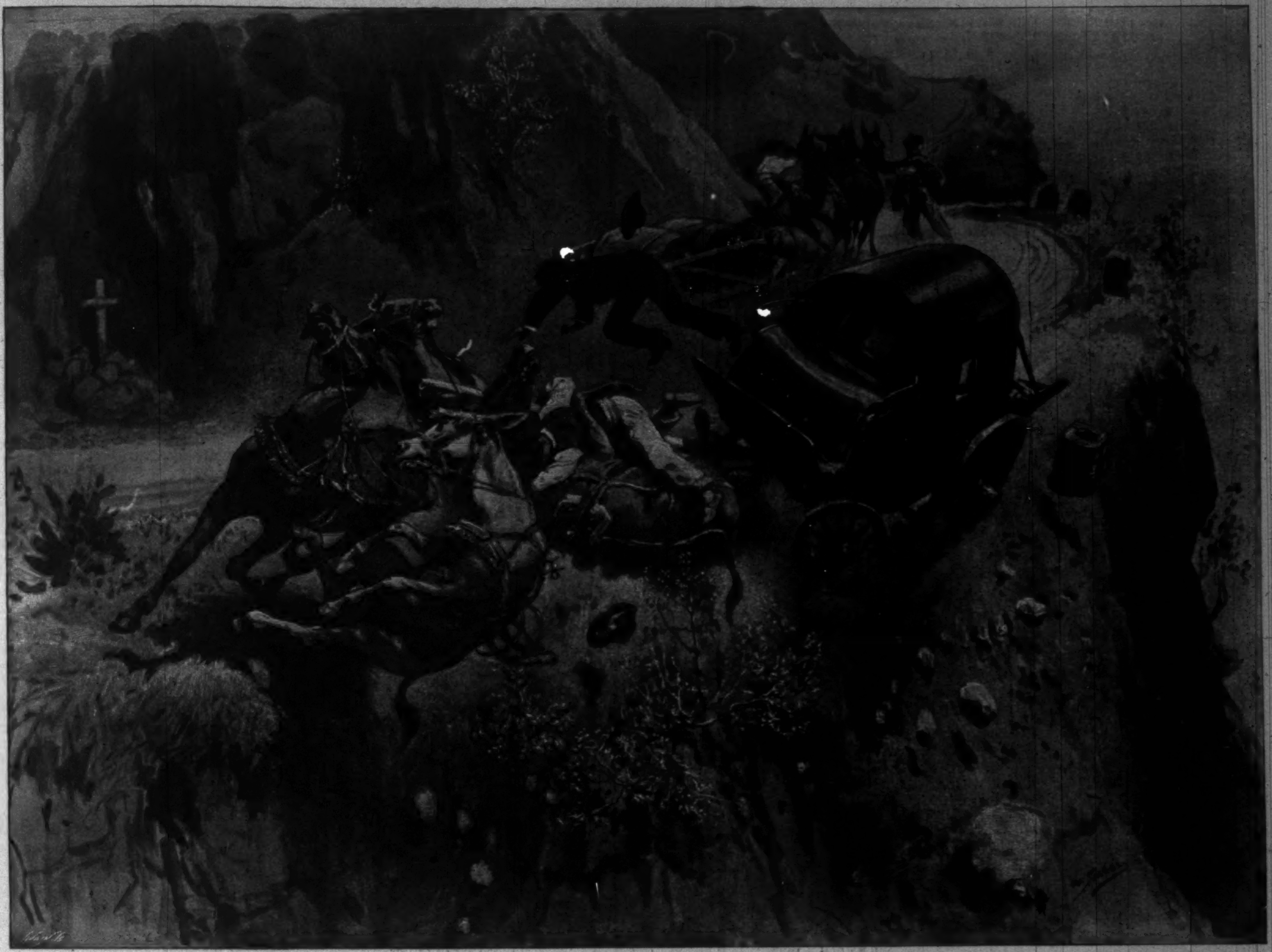
Mons. JULES BOEUFVÉ

SPAIN

DUKE De ARCOS

WASHINGTON—SNAP-SHOTS AT THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

Photographs by Clinedinst.



THE GREAT VEHICLE POISED FOR A MOMENT ON THE EDGE OF THE SLOPE, THEN TURNED SLOWLY OVER

A SMALL WORLD.

By Henry Seton Merriman

I.

Thine were the calming eyes
That round my pinnace could have stilled the sea,
And drawn thy voyager home, and bid him be
Pure with their pureness, with their wisdom wise,
Merged in their light, and greatly lost in thee.

IT was mid-day at the monastery of Montserrat, and a monk, walking in the garden, turned and paused in his meditative promenade to listen to an unwonted noise. The silence of this sacred height is so intense that many cannot sleep at night for the hunger of a sound. There is no running water except the fountain in the patio. There are no birds to tell of spring and morning. There are no trees for the cool night winds to stir—nothing but eternal rock and the ancient building so closely associated with the life of Ignatius de Loyola. The valley, a sheer three thousand feet below, is thinly enough populated, though a great river and the line of railway from Manresa to Barcelona run through it. So clear is the atmosphere that at the great distance the contemplative denizens of the monastery may count the number of the railway carriages, while no sound of the train, or indeed of any life in the valley, reaches their ears.

What the monk heard was disturbing, and he hurried to the corner of the garden from whence a view of the winding road may be obtained. Floating on the wind came the sound, as from another world, of shouting and the hollow rumble of wheels. The holy man peered down into the valley and soon verified his fears. It was the diligencia which had quitted the monastery a short hour ago, that flew down the hill to inevitable destruction. Once before in the recollection of the watcher the mules had run away, rushing down to their death and carrying with them across that frontier the lives of seven passengers, devout persons who, having performed the pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Montserrat, had doubtless received their reward. The monk crossed himself, but, being human, forgot alike to pray and to call his brethren to witness the scene. It was like looking at a play from a very high gallery. The miniature diligencia on the toy road far below swayed from the bank of the highway to the verge—the four mules stretched out at a gallop as in a picture. The shouts dimly heard at the monastery had the effect they were intended to create, for the monk could see the carters and muleteers draw aside to let the living avalanche go past.

There were but two men on the box-seat of the diligencia—the driver and a passenger seated by his side. The monk recollected that this passenger had passed two days at Montserrat, inscribing himself in the visitors' book as Matthew S. Whittaker.

"I'm ready to take the reins when your arms are cramped," this passenger was saying at that precise moment, "but I do not know the road, and I cannot drive so well as you."

He finished with a curt laugh, and holding on with both hands, he turned and looked at his companion. He was not afraid, and death assuredly stared him in the face at that moment.

"Thanks for that, at all events," returned the driver, handling his reins with a steady skill. Then he fell to cursing the mules. As he rounded each corner of the winding road he gave a derisive shout of triumph; as he safely passed a cart he gave voice to a yell of defiance. He went to his death—if death awaited him—with a fine spirit, with a light in his eyes and the blood in his tanned cheeks.

The man at his side could perhaps have saved himself by a leap which might, with good fortune, have resulted in nothing more serious than a broken limb. As he had been invited by the driver to take this leap and had curtly declined, it is worth while to pause and give particulars of this passenger on the runaway diligencia. He was a slightly built man, dressed in the ordinary dark clothes and soft black felt hat of the middle-class Spaniard. His face was brown and sun-dried, with deep lines drawn downward from the nose to the lips in such a manner that cynicism and a mildly protesting tolerance were contending for mastery in an otherwise studiously inexpressive countenance.

"The Excellency does not blame me for this," the driver jerked out, as he hauled round a corner with a sort of pride.

"No—my friend—" replied the American, and he broke off suddenly to curve his two hands around his lips and give forth a warning shout in a clear tenor that rang down the valley like a trumpet. A muleteer leading a heavily laden animal drew his beast into the ditch and leapt into the middle of the road. He stepped nimbly aside and sprang at the leading mule, but was rolled into the ditch like an old hat.

"That is an old torero," shouted the driver, "Bravo! bravo!"

As they flew on, Whittaker turned in his seat and caught a glimpse of the man standing in the middle of the road with arms spread out in an attitude of apology and deprecation.

"Ah!" cried the driver, "we shall not pass these. Now leap!"

"No," answered the other, and gave his warning shout.

Below them on the spiral road, two heavy carts were slowly mounting. These were the long country carts used for the carriage of wine-casks, heavily laden with barrels for the monastery. The drivers, looking up, saw in a moment what to expect, and ran to the head of their long teams of eight mules, but all concerned knew in a flash of thought that they could not pull aside in time.

"Leap, in the name of a saint!" cried the driver, clinching his teeth. Whittaker made no answer. But he cleared his feet and sat forward, his keen face and narrow eyes alert to seize any chance of life. The maddened mules rushed on, seeking to free themselves from the swaying destroyer on their heels. The leaders swung round the corner, but refused to obey the reins when they caught sight of the cart in front. The brakes had long ceased to act; the wooden blocks were charred as by fire. The two heavier mules at the pole made a terrified but intelligent attempt to check the pace, and the weighty vehicle skidded sideways across the road, shuddering and rattling as it went. It poised for a moment on the edge of the slope, while the mules threw themselves into their collars—their intelligence seeming to rise at this moment to a human height. Then the great vehicle turned slowly over, and at the same moment Whittaker and the driver leapt into the tangle of heels and harness. One of the leaders swung right out in mid-air with flying legs—and mules and diligencia rolled over and over down the steep in a cloud of dust and stones.

When Matthew S. Whittaker recovered consciousness he found himself in a richly furnished bed-room. He woke as if from sleep with his senses fully alert, and began at once to take an interest in a conversation of which he had been conscious in the form of a faint murmur for some time.

"A broken arm, my child, and nothing more, so far as I can tell at present," were the first comprehensible words. Whittaker tried to move his left arm and winced.

"And the other man?" inquired a woman's voice in Spanish, but with an accent which the listener recognized at once. This was an English woman speaking Spanish.

"Ah! the other man is dead. Poor Miguel! he was always civil and God-fearing. He has driven the diligencia up to us for nearly twenty years."

Whittaker turned his head and winced again. The speaker was a monk—fat and good-natured—one of the few now left in the great house on Montserrat. His interlocutor was a woman not more than thirty, with brown hair that gleamed in the sunlight, and a fresh, thoughtful face. Her attitude was somewhat independent, her manner indicated a self-reliant spirit. This was a woman who would probably make mistakes in life, but these would not be the errors of omission. She was a prototype of a sex and an age which err in advancing too quickly, and in holding that everything which is old-fashioned must necessarily be foolish.

Whittaker lay quite still and watched these two, while the deep-drawn lines around his lips indicated a decided sense of amusement. He was in pain, but that was no new condition to a man whose spirit had ever been robuster than his body. He had, at all events, not been killed, and his last recollection had been the effort to face death. So he lay, with a twisted smile on his lips, listening to Brother Lucas, who, sad old monk that he was, took infinite pleasure in glorifying to the young lady his own action in causing the monastery cart to be brought out and in driving down the slope at a breakneck pace to place his medical knowledge at the disposal of such as might require it. He bowed in a portly way, and indicated with a very worldly politeness that he himself was, in fact, at the disposal of the señorita.

"I was not always a monk—I began life as a doctor," he explained.

And his companion looked at him with speculative, clever eyes, scenting afar off, with the quickness of her kind, the usual little romance—the everlasting woman.

"Ah!" she said, slowly.

And Whittaker in the alcove coughed with discretion. Both turned and hurried towards him.

"He has recovered his senses," said the girl.

The monk had, however, not laid aside all the things of this world. He remembered the little ceremonies appertaining to the profession which he had once practised. He waved aside the girl and stooped over the bed.

"You understand what I say? You see me?" he inquired, in a soothing voice.

"Most assuredly," replied Whittaker, coolly. "Most assuredly, my father. And I do not think there is much the matter with me."

"Holy saints! but you go too quickly," laughed the monk. "You will be wanting next to get up and walk."

"I should not mind trying."

"Ah! That is good. Then you will soon be well. Señorita, we shall have no trouble with this patient. This, señor, is the Señorita Cheyne, in whose house you find yourself, and to whom your thanks are due."

Whittaker turned in bed to thank her, but instead of speaking he quietly fainted. He came to his senses again and found that it was evening. The windows of his room were open, and he could see across the valley the brown hills of Catalonia faintly tinged with pink. A nursing Sister in her dark blue dress and white-winged cap was seated at the open window, gazing reflectively across the valley. There was an odor of violets in the room. A fitful breeze stirred the lace curtains. Whittaker perceived his own travel-worn portmanteau lying half unpacked on a side table. It seemed that some one had opened it to seek the few necessaries of the moment. He noted with a feeling of helplessness that his simple travelling accessories had been neatly arranged on the dressing-table. A clean handkerchief lay on the table at the bedside. The wounded man became conscious of a feeling that he had lost some of the solitary liberty which had hitherto been his. It seemed that he had been picked up on the road helpless and insensible by some one with the will and power to take entire charge of him. The feeling was so new to this adventurer that he lay still and smiled.

Presently the nun rose and came quietly towards him, disclosing within the halo of her snowy cap a gentle pink and white face wrinkled by the passage of uneventful years. She nodded cheerfully on seeing that his eyes were open, and gave him some soup, which was warming on a spirit-lamp in readiness for his return to consciousness.

"I will tell the señorita," she said, and noiselessly quitted the room.

A minute later Miss Cheyne came in, with a pleasant frou-frou of silk, and Whittaker wondered for whom she had dressed so carefully.

"I did not know," she said, in English, with an ease of manner which is of this generation, "that I had succored a countryman. You were literally thrown at my gate. But the doctor, who has just left, confirms the opinion of Brother Lucas that you are not seriously hurt. A broken forearm and a severe shake, they say, to be cured by complete rest, which you will be able to enjoy here. For there is no one in the house but my aunt, Mrs. Dorchester, and myself."

She stood at the bedside, looking down at him with her capable, managing air. Whittaker now knew the source of that sense of being "taken in and done for" of which he had become conscious the moment his senses returned to him.

"They say," she went on, with a decisiveness which was probably an accentuation of her usual attitude, inspired by the necessity of sparing the patient the exertion of an explanation or an apology—"they say, however, that you are not naturally a very strong man, and that you have tried your constitution in the past, so that greater care is required than would otherwise be necessary in such a case."

She looked at the brown face and sinewy neck, the hollow cheeks, the lean hands—"all wires," as she decided in her own prompt mind—and her clear eyes were alight with a speculation as to what the past had been in which this man had tried his constitution.

"I have led a rough life," explained Whittaker, and Miss Cheyne nodded her head, indicative of the fact that she divined as much.

"I thought you were a Spaniard," she said.

"No. I have lived in the Spanish colonies, however—the last few years—since the troubles began."

Miss Cheyne nodded again without surprise. She had gone about the world, for perhaps thirty years, with those clear eyes of hers very wide open, and was probably aware that in those parts where, as Whittaker gracefully put it, "troubles" are, such men as this are usually to be found. For it is not the large men who make a stir in the world. These usually sit at home and love a life of ease. It is even said that they take to novel-writing and other sedentary occupations. And in the forefront, where things are stirring and history is to be manufactured, are found the small and the frail, such as Matthew S. Whittaker, who, in addition to the battles of Progress, have to contend personally against constitutional delicacy, nervous depression, and disease.

Miss Cheyne kept silence for a few moments, and during the pause turned at the sound of horse's feet on the gravel below the windows. She seemed to have been expecting an arrival, and Whittaker noticed a sudden brightening of the eyes, an almost imperceptible movement of the shoulders, as if Miss Cheyne was drawing herself up. The American quickly reflected that the somewhat elaborate "toilet" was unusual, and connected it with the expected visitor. He was not surprised when, with a polite assurance that he had only to ask for anything he might require, she turned and left him.

Whittaker now remembered having been told by the voluble driver of the diligencia the history of a certain English señorita who, having inherited property from a forgotten uncle, had come to live in her "possession" on the mountain-side. He further recollected that the house had been pointed out to him—a long, low dwelling of the dull red stone quarried in this part of Catalonia. Being of an observant habit, he remembered that the house was overgrown by a huge wistaria and faced eastward. He turned his head painfully, and now saw that his windows were surrounded by mauve fronds of wistaria. His room was, therefore, situated in the front of the house. There was, he recollected, a veranda below his windows, and he wondered whether Miss Cheyne received her visitors there in the cool of the afternoon. He listened half sleepily, and heard the horse depart, led away by a servant. There followed the murmur of a conversation, between two persons only, below his window. So far as he could gather from the tones, for the words were inaudible, they were spoken in English. And thus he fell asleep.

During the next few days Whittaker made good progress, and fully enjoyed the quiet prescribed to him by the doctors. The one event of the day was Miss Cheyne's visit, to which he soon learned to look forward. He had, during an adventurous life, had little to do with women, and Miss Cheyne soon convinced him of the fact that many qualities, such as independence, courage, and energy, were not, as he had hitherto imagined, the monopoly of men alone. But the interest thus aroused did not seem to be mutual. Miss Cheyne was kind and quick to divine his wants or thoughts; but her visits did not grow longer day by day, as day by day Whittaker wished they would. Daily, moreover, the visitor arrived on horseback, and the murmured conversation in the veranda duly followed. A few weeks earlier Whittaker had made the voyage across to the island of Majorca, to visit an old companion-in-arms there and offer him a magnificent inducement to return to active service. That comrade had smilingly answered that he held cards of another suit. Miss Cheyne appeared likewise to hold another suit, and the American felt vaguely that the dealer of life's cards seemed somehow to have passed him by.

He daily urged the young doctor to allow him to leave his bed, "if only," he pleaded, with his twisted smile, "to sit in a chair by the window." At last he gained his point, and sat, watch in hand, awaiting the arrival of Miss Cheyne's daily visitor. To the end of his life Matthew Whittaker believed that some instinct guided him at this time. He had only spoken with his nurse and the doctor, and had refrained from making inquiries of either respecting the lady whose hospitality he enjoyed. He had now carefully recalled all that the dead driver of the diligencia had told him, and had dismissed half of it as mere gossip. Beyond the fact that Miss Cheyne's aunt, Mrs. Dorchester, acted as her companion, he knew nothing. But he had surmised from remarks dropped by the young lady herself that her mother had been a Spaniard; hence the uncle from whom she had inherited this estate. He also had reason to believe that Miss Cheyne's mother had brought her up in the older faith.

He reflected on these matters, and smiled half cynically at the magnitude of his own interest in Miss Cheyne, as he sat at the open window. He had not long to wait before the clatter of horse's feet on the hard road became audible. The house stood back from the highroad, in the midst of terraced olive-groves, and was entirely surrounded by a grove of cypress and ilex trees. The visitor, whose advent was doubtless awaited with as keen an impatience by another within the red stone house, now leisurely approached beneath the avenue of evergreen oak. Whittaker got painfully upon his feet, and stood half concealed by the curtain. He was conscious of a singular lack of surprise when he recognized the face of the horseman as one that he had already seen, though when he came, in a flash of thought, to reflect upon it, this, among all he knew, was the last face that he could have expected to see in that place.

He sat down quite coolly and mechanically, thinking and acting as men think and act by instinct in a crisis. He seemed to be obeying some preordained plan.

The horseman was dark and clean shaven—the happy possessor of one of those handsome Andalusian faces which are in themselves a passport in a world that in its old age still persists in judging by appearance. Whittaker scrupulously withdrew from the window. He had no desire to overhear their conversation. But his eyes were fierce with a sudden anger. The very attitude of the new-comer—his respectful, and yet patronizing, manner of removing his hat—clearly showed that he was a lover, perhaps a favored one. And the American, who, with all his knowledge of the world, knew so little of women, stood in the middle of the room, wrapt in thought. It seemed hardly possible that a woman of Miss Cheyne's intelligence, a woman no longer in the first flush of girlhood, should fail to perceive the obvious. He did not know that, so far as her vanity is concerned, a woman does not grow older by the passage of years, but younger—that she will often, for the sake of a little admiration, accept the careless patronage of a man, knowing well that his one good quality is the skill with which he flatters her. He was not aware that Miss Cheyne was distinctly handicapped, and that her judgment was warped, by the fact that she had by some chance or another reached to years of discretion without ever having had a lover.

Whittaker was not an impulsive man, although as prompt in action as he was quick to make a decision. He was a citizen of that new country where an old chivalry still survives. His sense of chivalry was also intensified by the fact, already stated, that he knew but little of that sex which is at the moment making a superficial stir in the world.

"If the harm is done, a day more will make it no worse, I reckon," he said, reflectively. He would not listen to what they said, though he could have heard easily enough, had he so desired. He watched Miss Cheyne and her lover, however, as they slowly walked the length of the garden—she holding a fan in the Spanish fashion to shield her face from the setting sun; the man, hat in hand, and carrying himself with a sort of respectful grandeur, characteristic of his race. At the end of the garden they paused, and Whittaker smiled cynically at the sight of the man's dark eyes as he looked at Miss Cheyne. He was apparently asking for something, and she at last yielded, giving him slowly, almost shyly, a few violets that she had worn in her belt. Whittaker gave a curt laugh, but his eyes were by no means mirthful.

Later in the evening Miss Cheyne came into his room.

"You have had a visitor," he said, in the course of their usual conversation.

"Yes," she answered, frankly, and Whittaker reflected that, at all events, she knew her own mind. He said nothing further upon that subject, but later he referred to a topic which he had hitherto scrupulously avoided. He had passed his life among a class of men who were not in the habit of growing voluble respecting themselves.

"I think you take me for an Englishman," he said. "I am not. I am an American."

"Indeed! You have no accent," replied Miss Cheyne, and despite that other suit of cards that she held, she looked at him speculatively. She was, in a way, interested in him.

"I have lived abroad a great deal, the last few years in Cuba."

And his quick eyes flashed across her face. She was not interested in Cuba, at all events, and evidently knew nothing of that distressful island. When she left him he stood looking at the closed door reflectively.

"It will be for to-morrow," he said to himself, with his short laugh.

The next morning the doctor paid his usual visit, and Whittaker handed him an envelope.

"I am leaving this evening," he said, "and I shall leave in your debt."

The doctor, who was a young man and a Spanish gentleman, slipped the envelope into his pocket.

"Thank you," he said. "The debt is mine. You are not fit to be moved yet—but it is as you like."

"Will you order me a carriage to be here at five o'clock this evening?"

"I will do as you like."

"And omit to mention it to my hostess—you understand my position here, and my fear of outstaying a most courteous welcome?"

"I understand," said the doctor, and departed.

At four o'clock Whittaker had packed his portmanteau. He took up his position at the window and waited. Before long he heard the sound of horse's feet. Miss Cheyne's visitor presently appeared, and swung off his hat with the usual deferential pride. The horse was led away. The usual murmured conversation followed. Whittaker rose and walked to the door. He paused on the threshold and looked slowly round the room, as if conscious then that the moment was to be one of the indelible memories of his life.

On the stairs he needed the support of the balustrade. When he reached the veranda his face was colorless, with shining eyes. Miss Cheyne was sitting with her back turned towards him, but her companion saw him at once and rose to his feet, lifting his hat with a polite inquiring air. From long habit, acquired among a naturally polite people, Whittaker returned the salutation.

"You do not recognize me, señor?" he said, in English.

And the other shook his head, still polite and rather surprised.

"I was known in Cuba by the name of Mateo."

The Spaniard's handsome sunburnt face slowly turned to the color of ashes. His eyes looked into Whittaker's, not in anger, but with a pathetic mingling of reproach and despair.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Miss Cheyne, alert, and rising characteristically to the emergency of the moment.

Whittaker bit his lip and looked at the Spaniard, who seemed to be dazed.

"You had better go," he said, almost gently.

"What is the meaning of this?" repeated Miss Cheyne, looking from one to the other. Then she turned to Whittaker, by what instinct she never knew.

"Who is this gentleman?" she asked, angrily. "What have you against him?"

Whittaker, still biting his lip, looked hard at her. Then he made a gesture with his two hands, which was more eloquent than a thousand words; for it seemed to convey to the two persons who breathlessly awaited his words that he found himself in a position that was intolerable.

"I knew him in Cuba," he said, slowly. "I have nothing against him, Miss Cheyne; but the man is a priest."

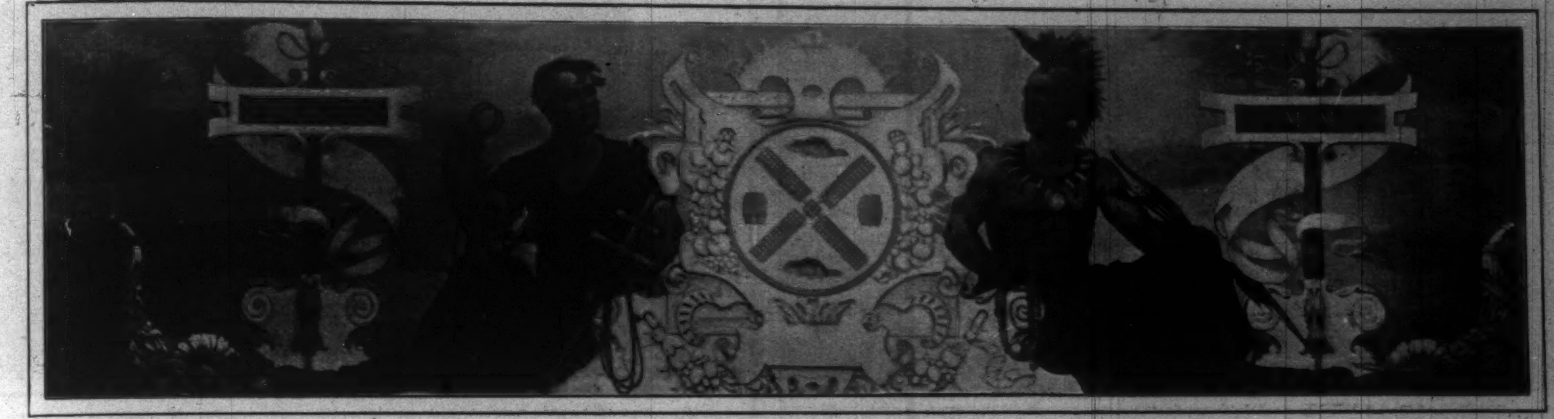
[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Night in the Spruce

CALM stars above, fresh earth beneath,
And in mid-air a woven wreath
Of loosely interlacing firs
Reaching to where the night wind stirs;
Hares creep near, a wood-owl's flight
Crosses the circle of camp-fire light;
Steps on the moss tell where a doe
Is leading her fawn to the lake below:

And lying there I seemed as near
To the forest's heart as its own red deer;
And I felt the fellowship of the wood,
And every whisper I understood.

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.



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ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—By George W. Maynard.
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DECORATIONS FOR THE APPELLATE COURT

THIS is with us a period of monumental building. In the service of religion, education, government, and commerce, edifices are being erected throughout the country, which at least are mightily impressive, of superb material, and with lavish decoration of interiors. How strange it is, therefore, that the architects, notwithstanding the desire of their clients to obtain the noblest results possible, have availed themselves so little of the aid of sculpture and painting! Yet the lesson of most of the grand buildings of the world is that these arts should be allied with architecture; and our own painters and sculptors, so far as the chance has been given, have proved themselves capable of fulfilling their parts. So when an architect shows an intelligent appreciation of these two facts the occasion is distinctly noteworthy.

The latest example is afforded by the new court-house of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of the City of New York—to give the building its full title—and the architect is Mr. James Brown Lord. It is also the completest example of intelligent co-operation which the country affords; not so extensive a one, of course, as that of the Congressional Library, but more harmonious and artistic; and not more satisfactory than the beautiful staircase hall of the Boston Public Library, but more consistently good, with nothing to disturb the *tout ensemble*, such as the inadequate architectural provision for the Sargent decorations in that same building. This distinction is due to the architect having planned his design from its inception in direct relation to the painting inside and the sculpture upon the exterior, which latter is not yet put in place; also to the fact that the painters on the one hand, and the sculptors on the other, mutually co-operated. They worked not as units, but as a group; the result being a harmony of effect that must be surprising even to themselves, while at the same time there is no loss of personality to the individual. Six painters collaborated with each other and with the architect in the court-room, and four in the entrance-hall. In both cases the decoration is unified, paintings and architecture agreeably fusing.

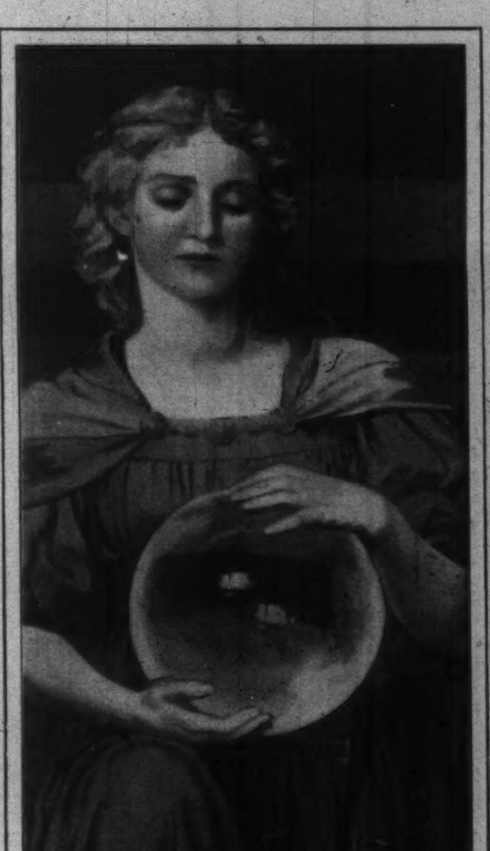
One of the criterions of a good scheme of decoration is that it makes the room suggest some readily felt impression, direct and unalloyed. Both these rooms will stand that test. The sentiment of the court-room is dignified composure—obviously the correct one, but not the result of association, for the impression was just as recognizable when the room was in confusion of unarranged furniture. On the other hand, in the hall there is a lightsomeness of feeling, an alertness, equally pronounced. This power of decoration to deliver a message is worth considering. It is remarkably exemplified in the classic serenity of the staircase hall in the Boston Library, and it reappears in every quite successful instance anywhere. In this court-room the effect is due to the stained glass by Maitland Armstrong, and to the fine craftsmanship displayed in the carving and joining of the dark oak furniture, as well as to the paintings and architectural features. The latter include a panelling of yellow Sienna marble, which reaches to within four feet of the gilded ceiling, except in front of the judges' dais, where it is lowered so as to leave space for three panels, ten feet high and almost square. Elsewhere round the room runs a frieze, broken on two sides of the room by a succession of windows.

Entering from the hall, one sees first the three panels, particularly the right-hand one, by Edwin H. Blashfield. This is, indeed, the key-note of the whole room, responsible more than anything else for the general impressiveness. There is a cumulative strength in the composition; and the color, while not as pure as it might be, for the painting has been evidently worked over a great deal, is rich and gracious, and fused into expressiveness. In other words, the color and pattern of the panel affect one irrespective of the subject, which is "The Law" drawing her sword on behalf of "Appeal," while she is supported by figures symbolical of Roman, canon, and common law. Each successive example of Mr. Blashfield's decorative work has been increasingly acceptable, and in this one he has reached a breadth and simplicity of effect and an elevation of sentiment that are truly admirable.

The next panel to it, which is by H. O. Walker, represents Wisdom attended by Learning, Experience, Humility, Love, Faith, Patience, Doubt, and Inspiration. It is much less sure in execution, more reticent in color, but very sincere. It forms a spot of charming tranquillity, with a tenderness of feeling that is altogether winsome.

The panel on the left is by Edward Simmons, representing Justice accompanied by Peace and Plenty, the latter assisting the needy, while Peace recoils from Brute Force, who is withheld by Fear. At this time of writing it is not yet finished, so that an estimate of the whole is impossible; but there are bits of it which are very good, such as the beautiful expressions of the women's faces, the drawing of arms and hands, the elegant texture of brocaded draperies, and a sweet little incident in the foreground of a baby fondling a rabbit and holding out its little hand to a crouching fox.

The small panels, sixteen in number, set between the windows, are by Joseph Lauber, and symbolize various qualities essential to the upright judge. It was a troublesome undertaking, for the spaces are often exceedingly narrow, which made it difficult to compose the figures in them, while necessarily each pose had to vary from the others. However, he has displayed a versatility of invention most commendable. The drawing also of the figures is always good, and for the most part strong and flexible; and the color, while pleasantly varied, accords extremely well with the marble setting. Mr. Lauber has come out of a trying ordeal with complete success. I sincerely wish I could say the same of George W. Maynard's contribution to the frieze. He was called upon at the eleventh hour, hence his work is scarcely worthy either of himself or of its surroundings. A long stretch of frieze behind the judges' dais is by Kenyon Cox. It is divided into four groups, one of which, "Plenty rewarding Industry," a woman handing a loaf to a laborer, is charming in every way—composition, drawing, color, and sentiment—a most admirable piece of mural painting. But the dignity of this passage is not maintained in the remainder. The figures in several instances are attitudinizing; sometimes they threaten to topple over, so unnatural is the position. The color is patchy rather than sustained, and in parts trivial, while often the sentiment of the figure is quite commonplace. On the other hand, it is only just to add that if you will get to a distance and insist on viewing the whole simply as a band of ornament, it has a good deal of charm. The forms are ample and flowing, and the color reacts agreeably upon the dark wood-work, which interrupts it in the centre.



Copyright, 1899, by Joseph Lauber.

PERSPICUITY.—By Joseph Lauber.
From a Copley Print.—Copyright, 1899, by Curtis & Cameron.

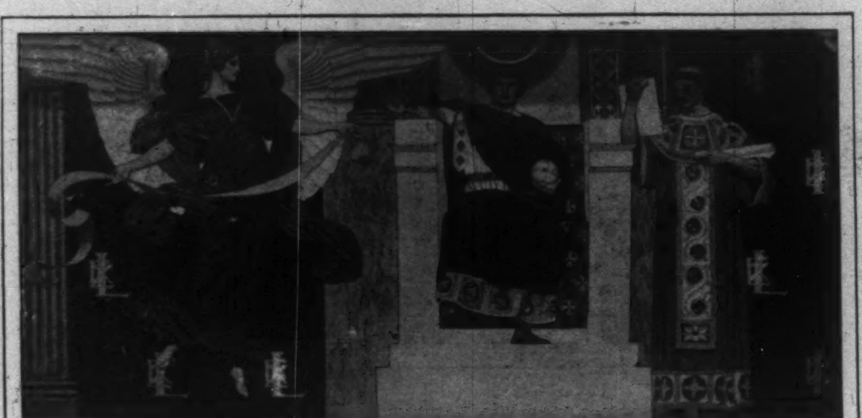
The entrance-hall is lined with yellow Sienna marble, having round three sides a frieze some three feet six in height, and two spandrels between the arches of the doorways. Projecting from the front wall is the elevator, with a staircase leading up on each side of it. The frieze which borders the back walls and follows round the three sides of the elevator is by H. Siddons Mowbray. He has maintained a band of deep blue, decorated with a monogram arrangement of the word "Lex" in gold, and upon this placed a series of eight groups. The central one is Modern Law, and converging towards it from the left are others representing Mosaic, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Law, and again from the right Byzantine, Norman, Common Law. The separate groups are individually strengthened by the introduction of architectual features, such as seats and columns, and woven into a whole by intervening figures of girls floating in the air and passing a scroll from hand to hand. It is a charming scheme of pure color, with a nice rhythm of movement flowing through it, and a great variety of elegant little decorative effects. While the conception of the subject is good, there is not much characterization in the individual figures. The motion has been confined almost entirely to securing an ornamental effect, and in this repect the success has been complete.

In the frieze to the right, representing Justice supported by Peace and Prosperity and attended by the Arts and Sciences, Robert Reid has tried for more. The separate figures invite study, not in search for any particular depth of meaning, but rather for a pervading elegance and charm. On the other hand, his decoration counts remarkably well as a whole. That is how it secures one's attention first, as good decoration should. One is conscious of delicate tones of blue, relieved by white and animated by opalescent tints. It is hazardously dainty for position in a court-house, yet it does not seem out of place—firstly, because it harmonizes absolutely with the marble and gold that surround it, and then because Mr. Mowbray also has relied almost exclusively upon the ornamental quality.

The space on the opposite wall has been filled with a composition by Willard Metcalf, the first decoration he has essayed. It has some very agreeable passages, and the general conception of the subject is interesting, but as the decoration of a frieze it is scarcely satisfactory. There is no ripple of continuous movement through it. Instead the composition takes the form of two festoons, united in the centre, so that many of the figures are lying on the ground, or reaching only half-way up the already limited height. The result is an appearance of minuteness, notwithstanding that the figures are to the same scale as those on the other walls, and too much prevalence of background, which has no intrinsic interest, consisting merely of suggested foliage. The latter is not happy in form, while its color is an extremely crude green, against which the figures are spotted. Much more satisfactory is a group by the same painter on the return wall, symbolizing "The Banishment of Discord." Here the full value of the figures is secured, and the panel has a large feeling altogether absent in the other. The spandrels by C. Y. Turner fall strangely below his usual standard.

The harmony of effect in these two rooms is so admirable that it is interesting to know how it was obtained. The ten painters, engaged, formed themselves into a committee of the whole, selecting John La Farge, the dean of the craft, as their referee. They then agreed upon a scale for their figures, established a color basis, and called upon each other for sketches. These were criticised mutually, until a scheme sufficiently uniform had been evolved, after which the idiosyncrasy of the individual was allowed to have full play. Thus architects and painters succeeded in reviving much of the spirit and method of work of the old guilds. It remains for the public to appreciate the results, and see to it that they are repeated in other buildings.

Charles H. Caffin.



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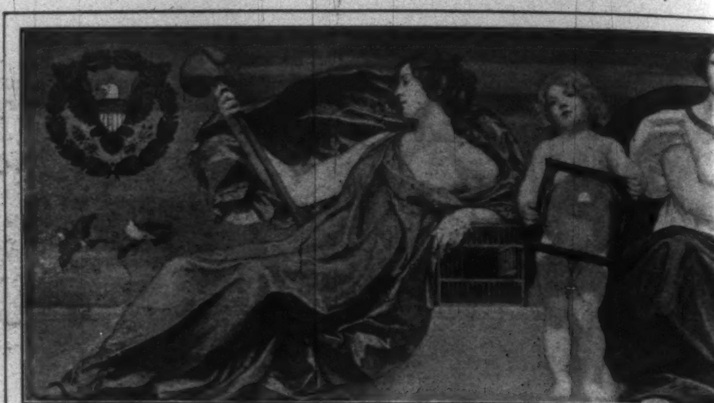
BYZANTINE LAW.

PART OF FRIEZE REPRESENTING THE LAWS OF NATIONS.—BY H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY.



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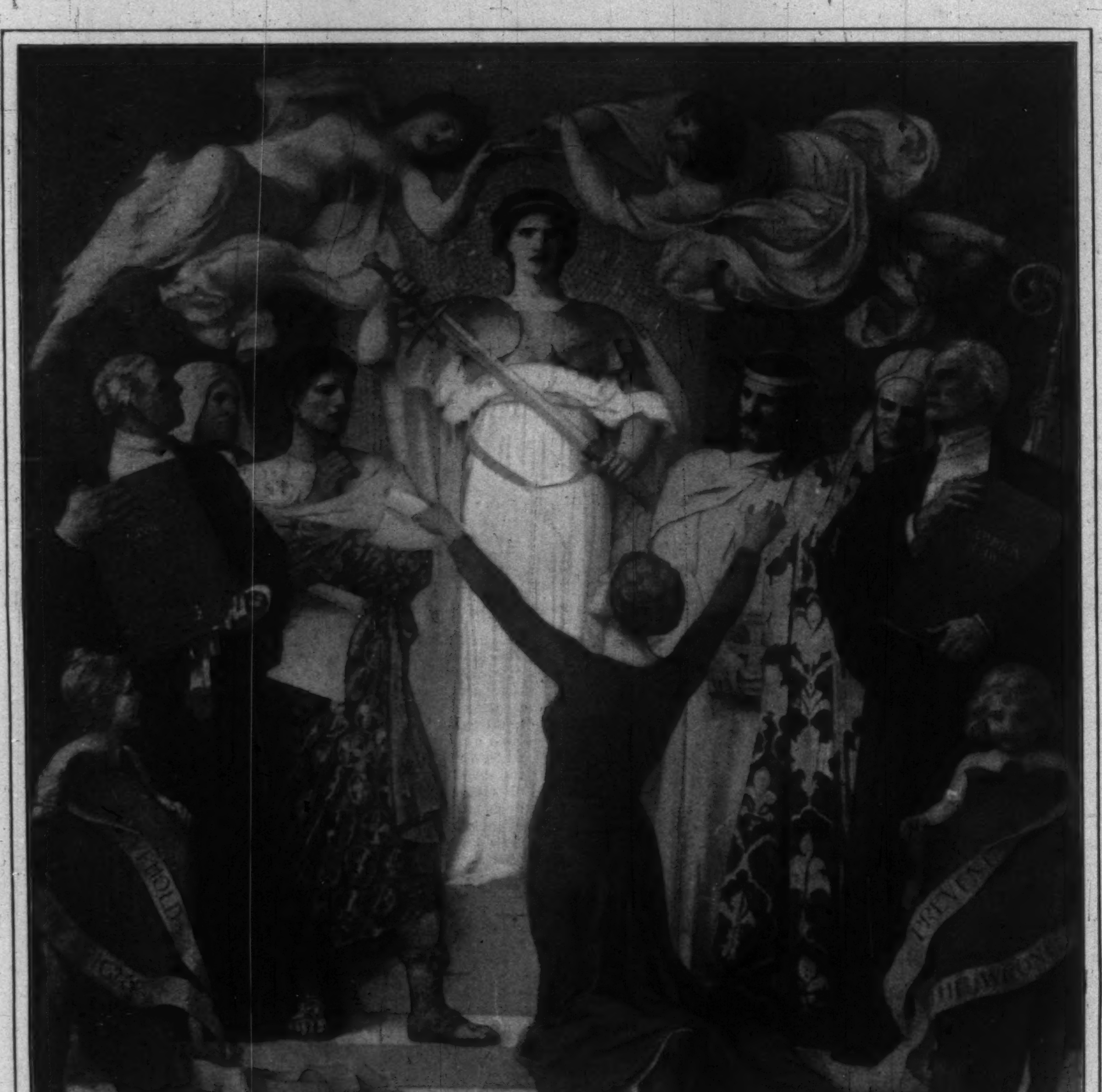

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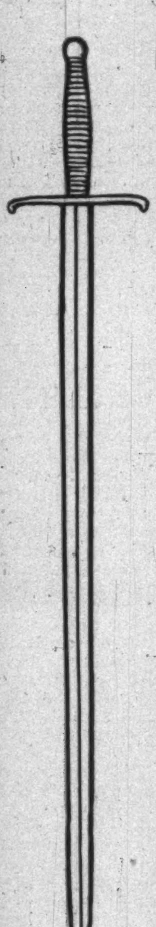
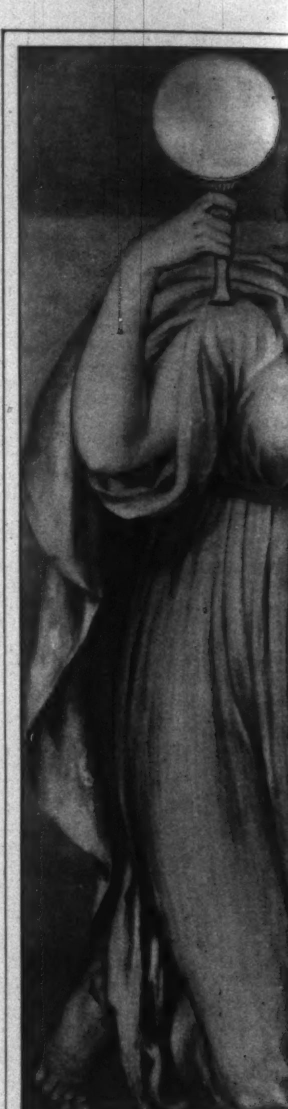
THE POWER OF THE LAW.—BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.





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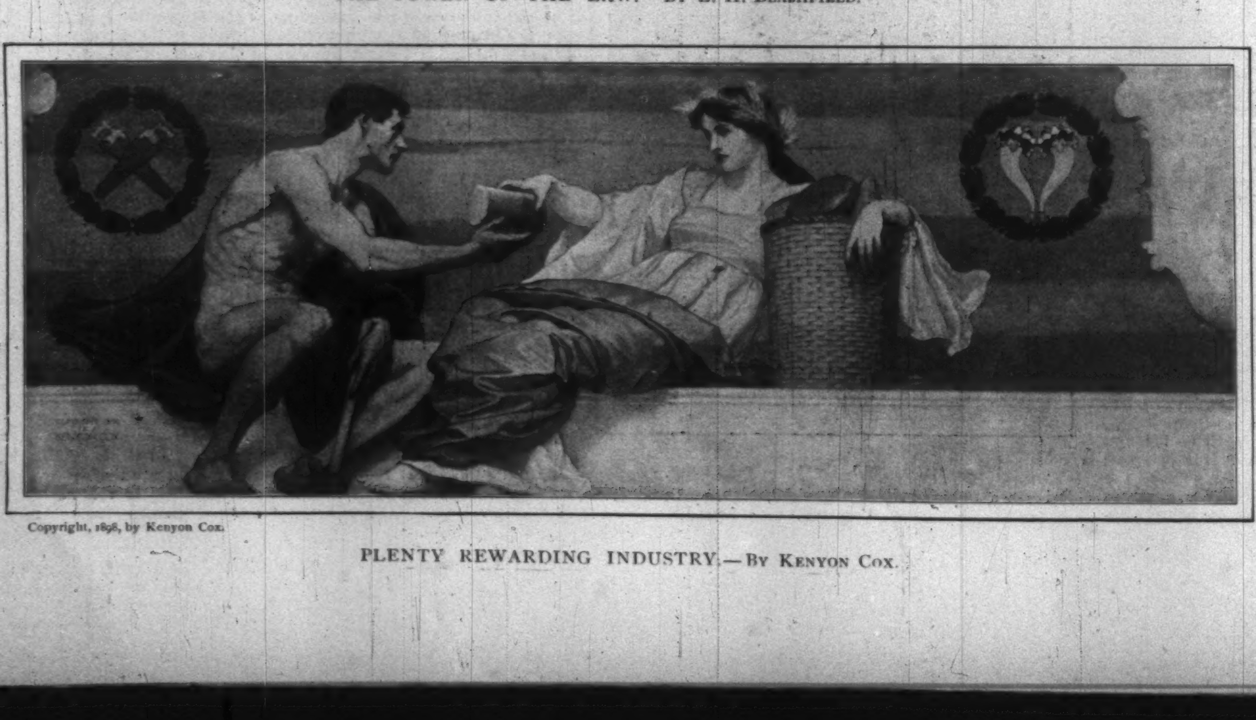
TRUTH.—B



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PLENTY REWARDING INDUSTRY.—BY KENYON COX.

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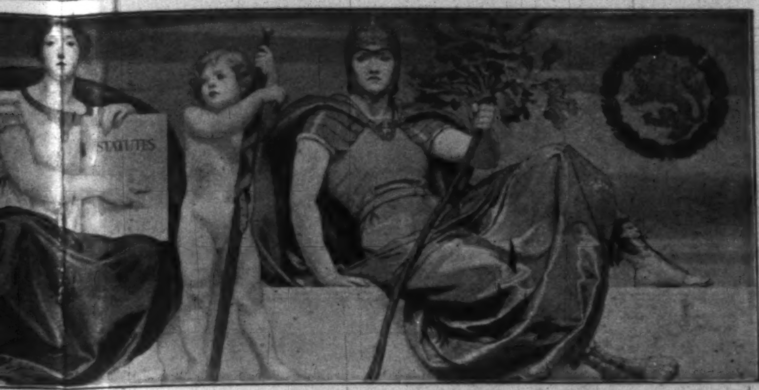

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ROMAN LAW.

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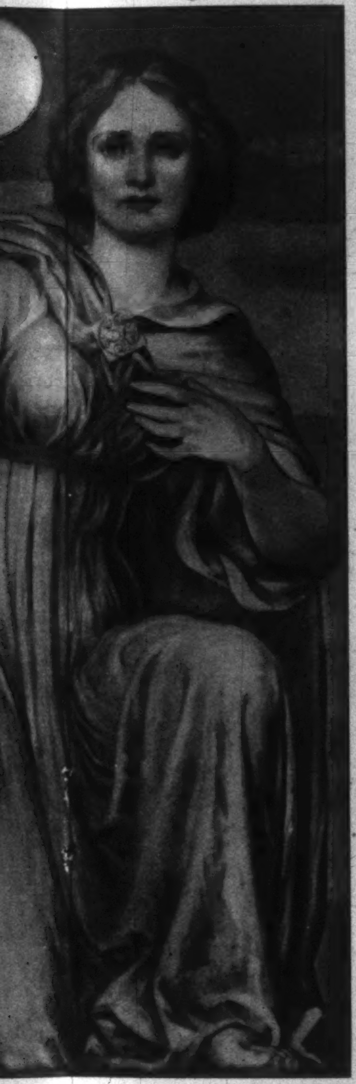

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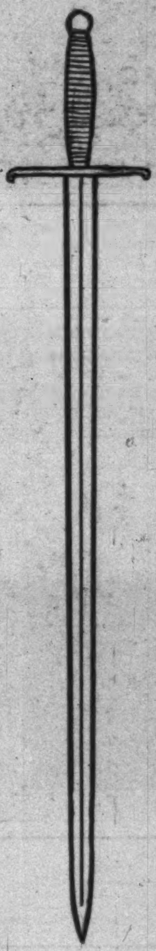

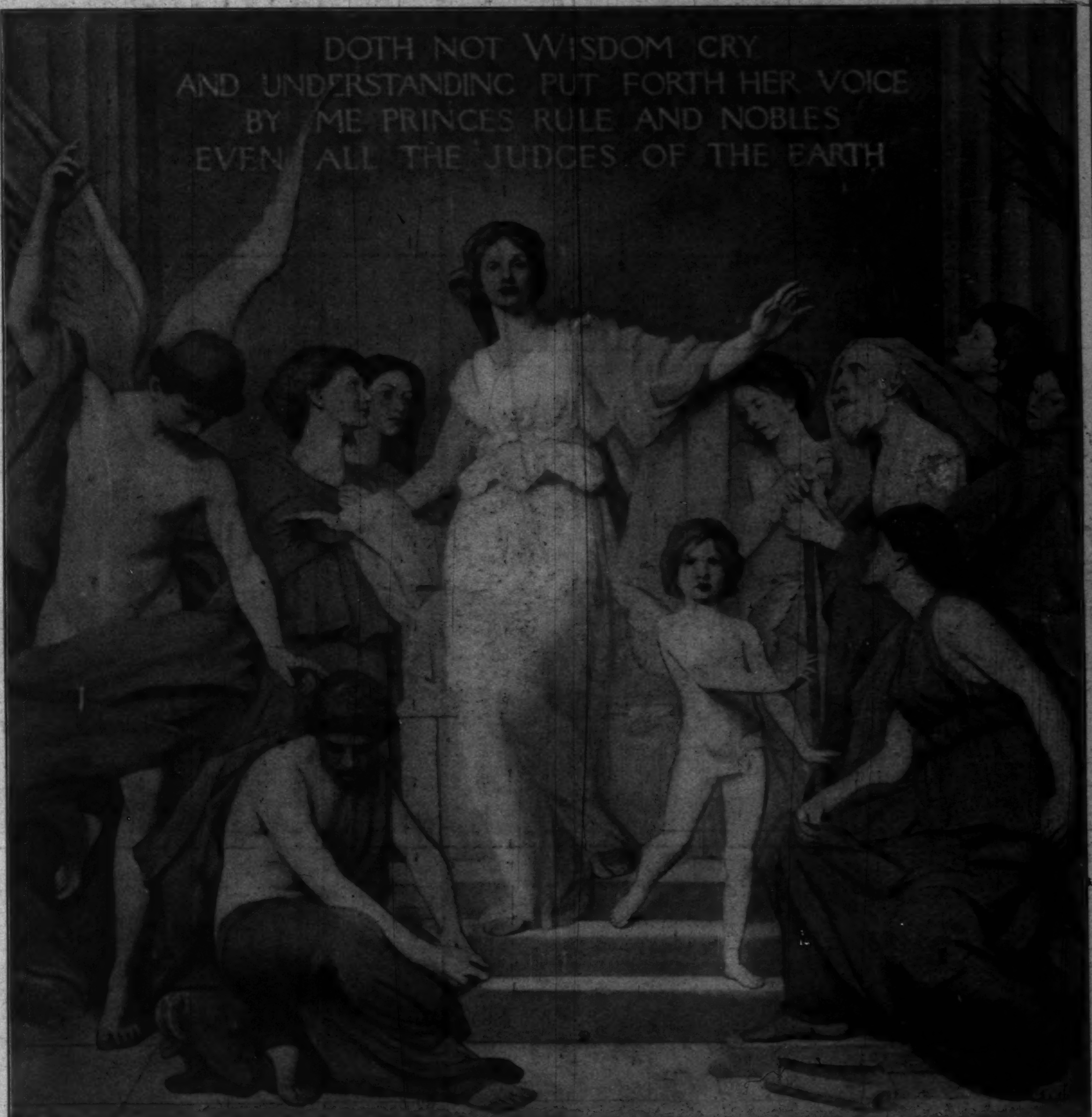
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AND UNDERSTANDING PUT FORTH HER VOICE
BY ME PRINCES RULE AND NOBLES
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JUSTICE.—By H. O. Walker.

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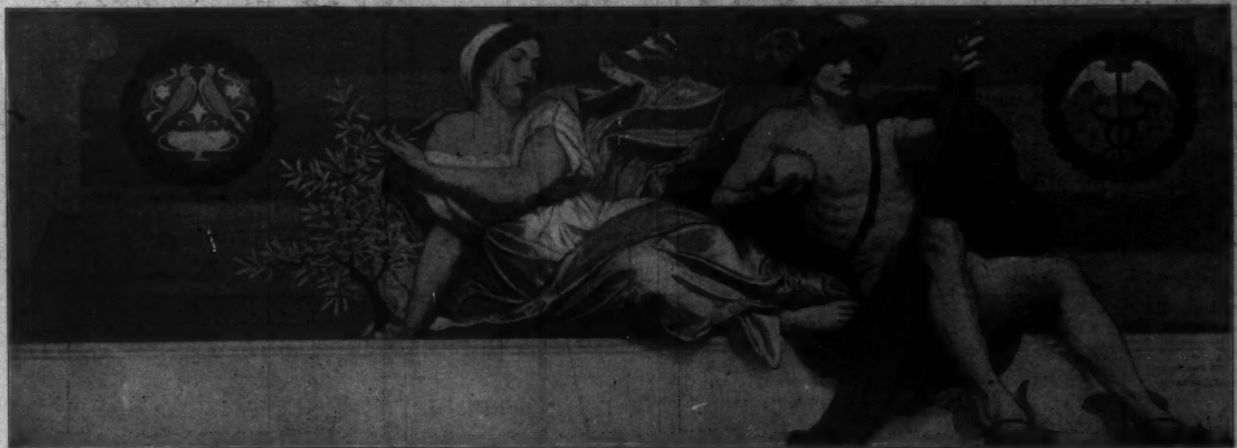

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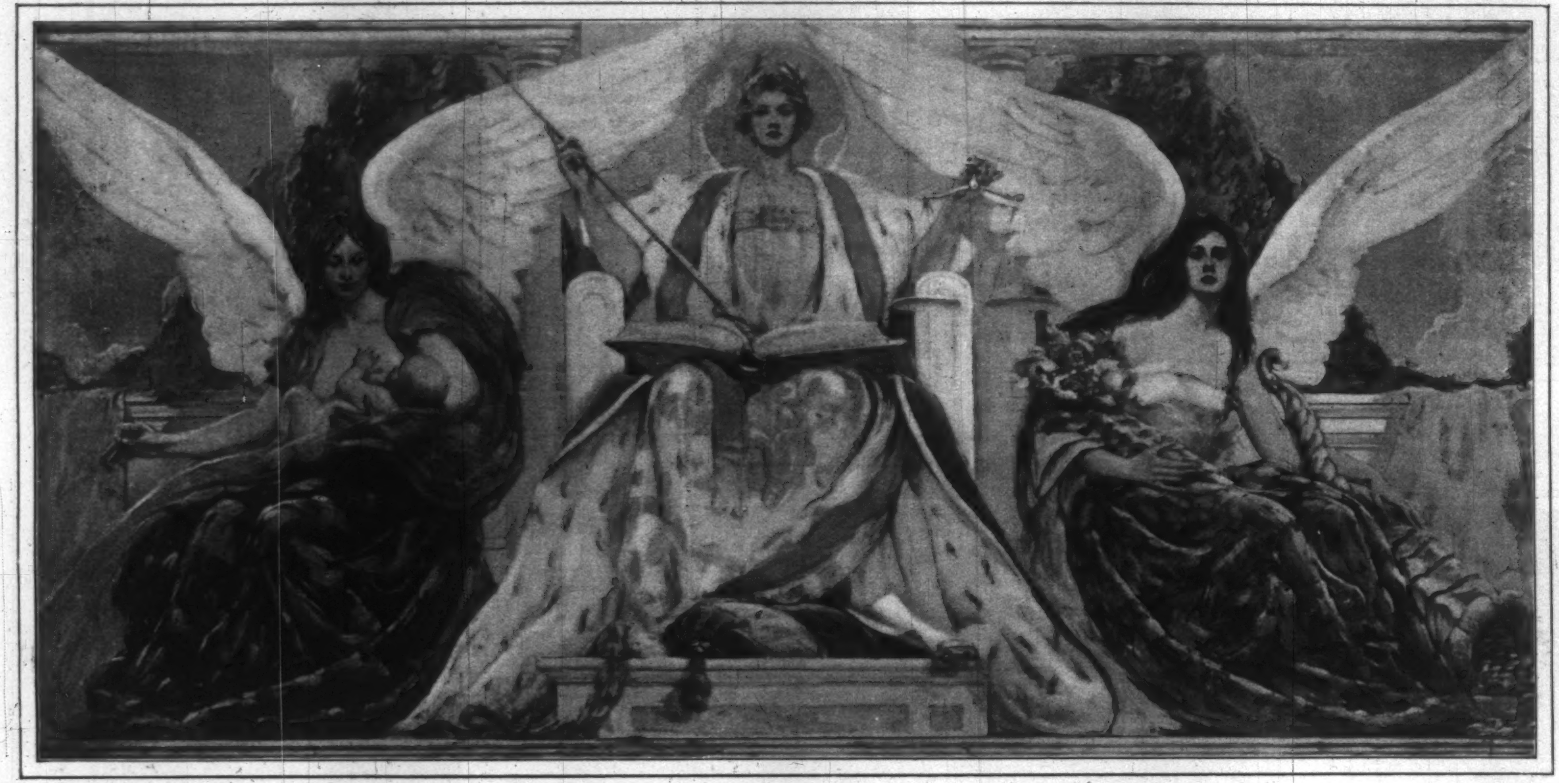
PEACE AND COMMERCE.—By Kenyon Cox.



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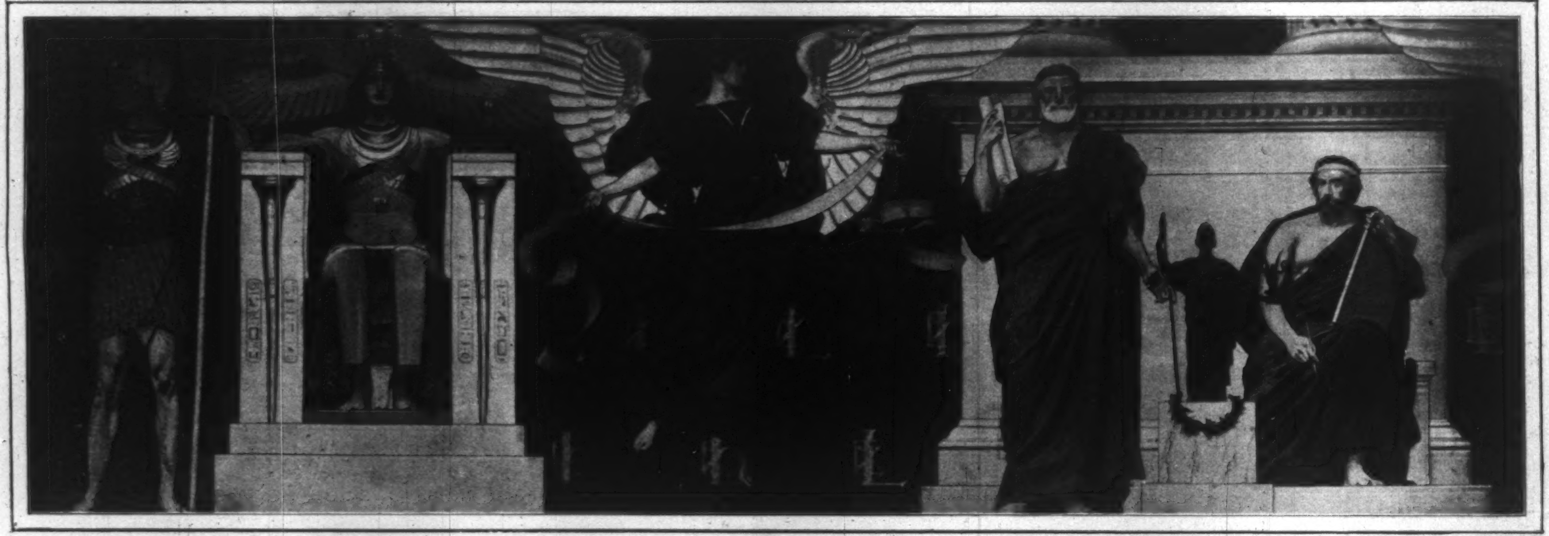
PEACE, JUSTICE, AND PROSPERITY.—BY ROBERT REID.



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EGYPTIAN LAW. *GREEK LAW.*

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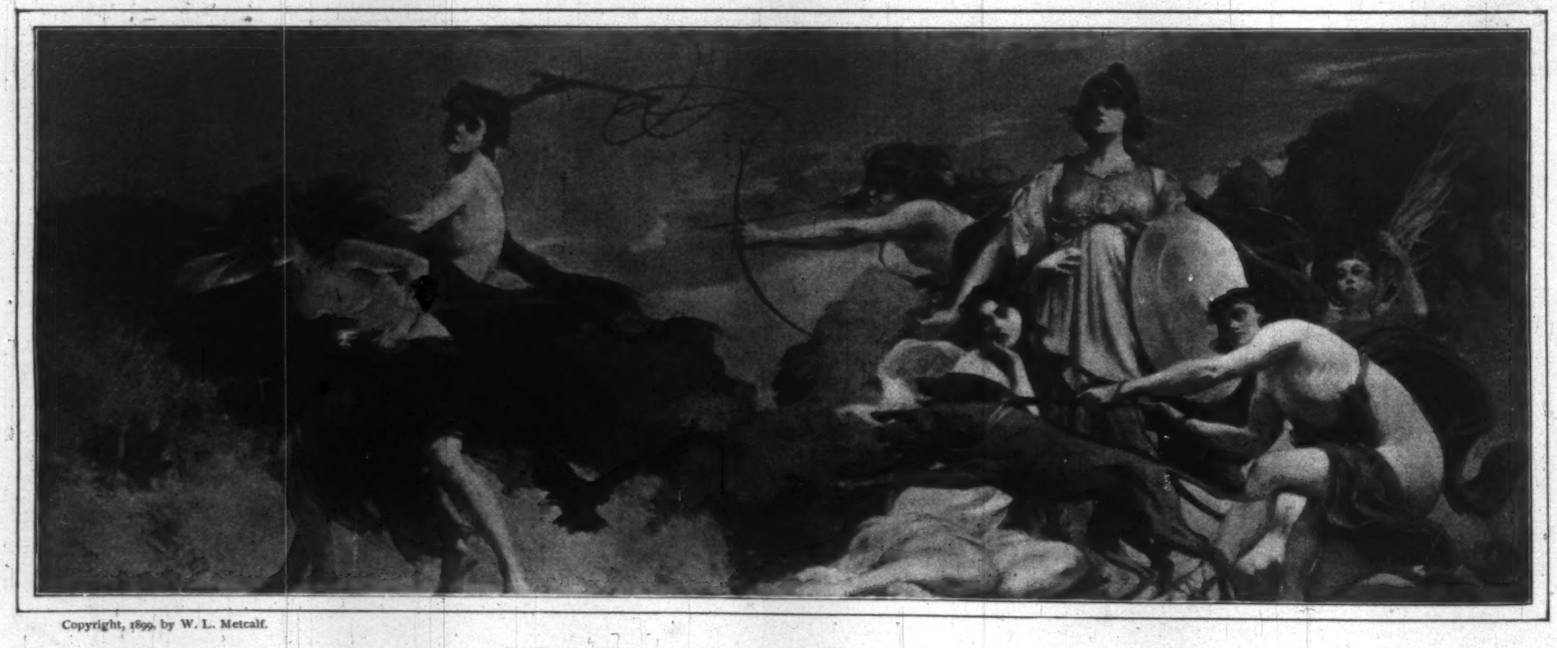

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RAPID-FIRE FIELD-GUNS.

By Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden, R.C.S.

THE war in South Africa is emphasizing with peculiar distinctness the value of high-powered field-artillery. The frequency with which the despatches have announced the domination of British guns by opposing Boer pieces makes inevitable the conclusion that the burghers are supplied with a superior artillery equipment.

An examination of the facts shows that for two years antedating hostilities the Transvaal and Orange Free State were placing orders for field and siege artillery material with the most successful makers on the continent of Europe. The orders were filled for the most part by the Le Creuzot works of France and by the Krupps of Germany. It is not sufficient to say that the Boers possess first-class French and German guns. The ground is more fully covered by saying that they possess the very latest and most advanced types of field-ordnance turned out in Europe.

In view of the foregoing, the war in South Africa is peculiarly significant as indicating the relative efficiency of English and Continental field-weapons. Two years ago a distinguished American officer, on returning from Europe, was asked what had impressed him the most while abroad. He answered, unhesitatingly, "The French field-artillery," and added that, in his opinion, it led all others.

No two men in France have done more in the developing of rapid-fire field and naval guns than the well-known ordnance engineers M. Canet and M. Schneider. M. Canet in particular has had remarkable success in producing field-weapons capable of being worked at high velocities on light carriages. The ever-important consideration in field-artillery, it should be understood, is the keeping down of weights, for by so doing it is possible to drag a gun and its carriage about rapidly. In realizing high velocities from a field-gun the carriage must possess sufficient strength to withstand the heavy recoil shocks. This strength must be obtained on the least possible weight, otherwise mobility is affected.

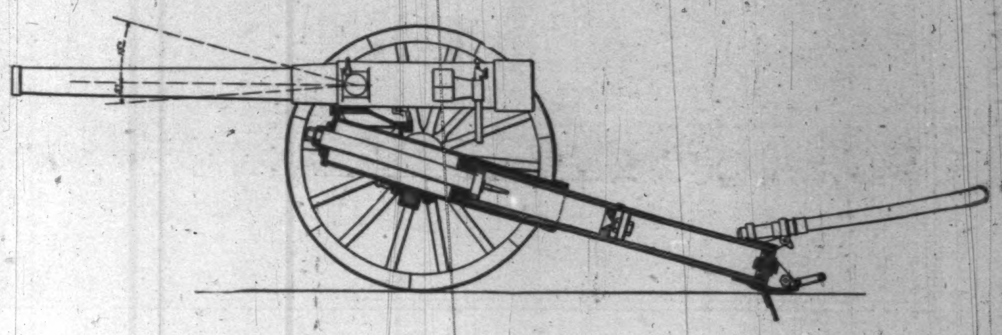
The most effective French field-piece of to-day of its class is held to be the Canet 2.95-inch L-32 rapid-fire gun. It is wonderfully simple in construction, and for its calibre and length of barrel is probably the lightest gun on the continent of Europe. So strongly built is its carriage and so effective is its recoil attachment that it is found possible to fire shells under service conditions at the high muzzle velocity of 1968 feet per second. The gun, it is further claimed, is readily fired twenty times per minute.

The brake, or attachment for absorbing the recoil of the gun, is a prominent feature of all modern rapid-fire field-pieces. Before rapid fire can be secured with a field-gun the weapon must be held so as to move but little out of place. Recourse is therefore had to various contrivances for anchoring the piece. The devices now in use comprise, for the most part, a spade fitted to the end of the trail, and a hydraulic cylinder attached to some part of the carriage. The spade is driven into the ground at the first discharge, and each successive recoil is absorbed by the hydraulic brake. Heavy springs, which are compressed with each discharge, serve to run the gun forward on its carriage.

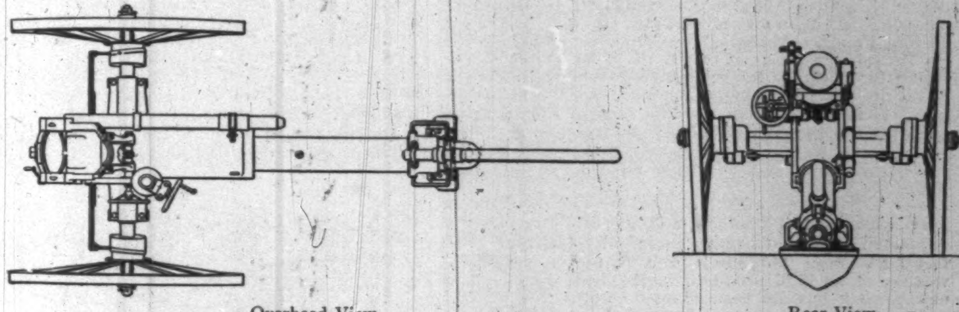
In the case of the Canet field-weapon the carriage is fitted with an elastic trail-piece, which latter telescopes when the gun is fired. At the end of the trail is the inevitable spade, which at the first recoil takes a firm hold on the ground. Each successive discharge, following the first, is absorbed by the telescoping trail-piece. The action of the trail is automatic, for after the absorption of each recoil the gun is returned to position. Not only is the system simple—it is secure. In the majority of devices, it will be observed, the recoil mechanism and buffers are greatly exposed.

The advantage of recoil brakes for field-guns cannot be overestimated. A gun unsupplied with a checking device will jump to the rear at every discharge. The gunners must then run the piece by hand into position, all of which militates greatly against rapid fire.

In the developing of recoil-absorption devices the French have easily led all European gun-makers, with the one exception of the Krupps of Germany. Between this great German gun establishment and the leading French gun works it has been a neck-and-neck race for the past ten years. Early in the present decade it was recognized throughout Europe that the French were making wonderful strides in the development of field-batteries, and the anxiety of foreign powers to ascertain the methods the French were employing was manifested at the time Dreyfus was charged with revealing the hydraulic brake attachment of the 120-millimetre gun. That was six years ago. Since then, however, the French have made remarkable advances. So also have the Krupps, but, with the exception of the latest field-pieces of the German establishment, it is pretty safe to say that relatively the French field-guns of to-day are as much in the lead of European field-weapons as they were in 1894.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF A CANET 2.95-INCH FIELD-GUN.



Overhead View. Rear View.

THE CANET ELASTIC TRAIL CARRIAGE.

As a result of five years of struggle for supremacy, the latest Krupp piece is found to be a little lighter than the Canet weapon of the same calibre, though not possessing the range of the latter. The Canet 2.95-inch L-32 gun has a maximum range of 7400 yards. Krupp's 2.95-inch L-28 gun has a maximum range of 6890 yards. The difference in range is not great, but the Boer war is demonstrating that range is of vital importance.

Ordnance officers agree, generally, that good shrapnel effects are not obtained in calibres much under 3 inches. The Germans and French use as a type field-gun a calibre of 2.95 inches.

The table below affords a comparison between those field-guns of the Germans, French, and English which, by reason of their calibre and weight, are practically in the same class.

The table shows the French gun to be superior in range to both the Krupp and English guns. This is not a new fact, and the only wonder is that the superiority of the Boer artillery was not earlier recognized and appreciated, when it was known that French establishments were filling the Transvaal orders.

In the recent attempt of General Buller to cross the Tugela the superiority of the Boer artillery fire was early manifested. It is immaterial what class of guns the Boers had in the field. The important point is the fact that the British pieces were outranged.

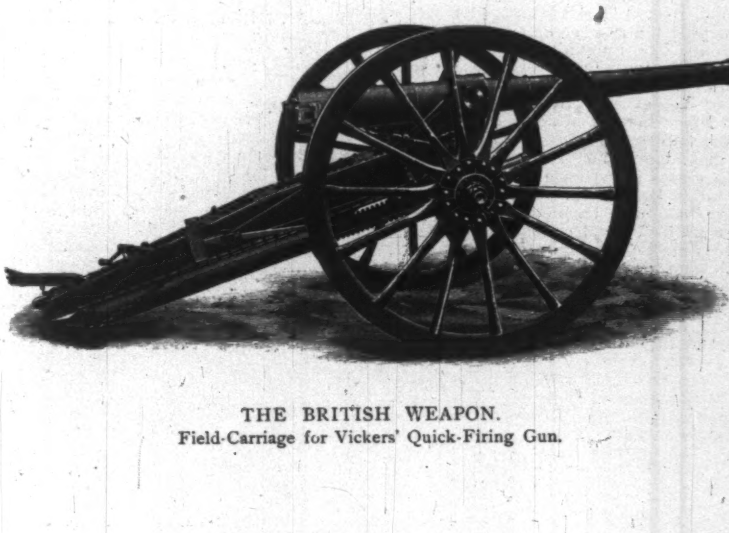
The lesson to be learned from the affair of the Tugela River is an important one, and it is especially significant in its import to those nations not provided with field-artillery the equal of the best. Looking back over the past five years, numerous instances are recalled when the

FIELD-GUNS.

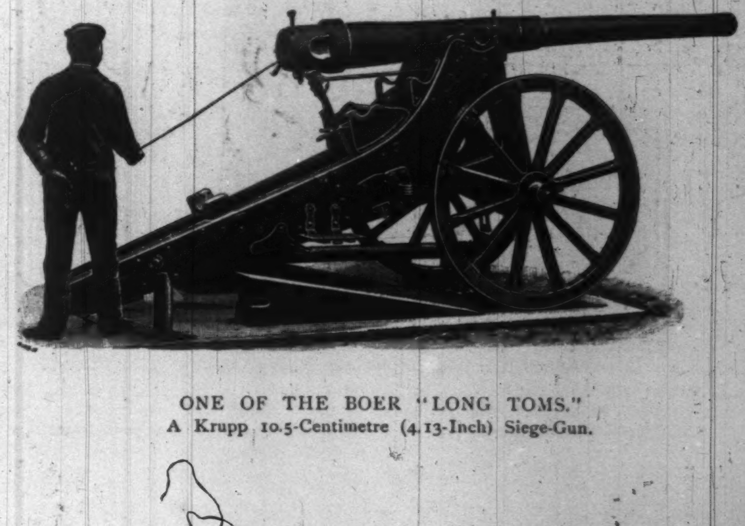
2.95-inch French and German Guns.				3.0-inch English Quick-fire Gun.		3.0-inch English Screw Gun.	
* Krupp (German) Rapid-fire Field-Gun, L-28.		Canet (French) Rapid-fire Field-Gun, L-32					
Length of barrel	6 ft. 10.68 in.	Length of barrel	7 87 ft.	Total length	87.6 in.	Total length	72 in.
Weight of gun	683.42 lbs.	Weight of gun	726 lbs.	Weight of gun	800 lbs.	Weight of gun	800 lbs.
Weight of carriage	1058.2 lbs.	Weight of carriage	1430 lbs.	Weight of cordite charge	13¾ oz.	Weight of projectile	11½ lbs.
Weight of projectile	12.89 lbs.	Weight of projectile	11.4 lbs.	Weight of projectiles	12.5 lbs.	Initial velocity	239 foot-seconds.
Initial velocity	1640 foot-seconds.	Initial velocity	1968 foot-seconds.	Initial velocity	1607 foot-seconds.	Total muzzle energy	300 foot-tons.
Greatest range, elevation 20 deg.	6890 yds.	Greatest range, elevation 15 deg.	7400 yds.	Total muzzle energy	223.8 foot-tons.	Estimated range	4000 yds.
Weight of empty limber	1124.3 lbs.	Weight of empty limber	736 lbs.	Estimated range	6600 yds.†		
Number of rounds carried in limber	36.	Number of rounds carried in limber	35.				
Maximum elevation	20 deg.	Maximum elevation	15 deg.				
Maximum depression	5 deg.	Maximum depression	5 deg.				

* Krupp also makes a 30-calibre long 7.5 centimetre gun (2.95 inch), using a projectile weighing 14.3 lbs. This gun has an initial velocity of 1672 foot-seconds. The weight of the piece, however, is 920 lbs., and for this reason it has not been compared with the Canet L-32 gun of 726 lbs. weight.

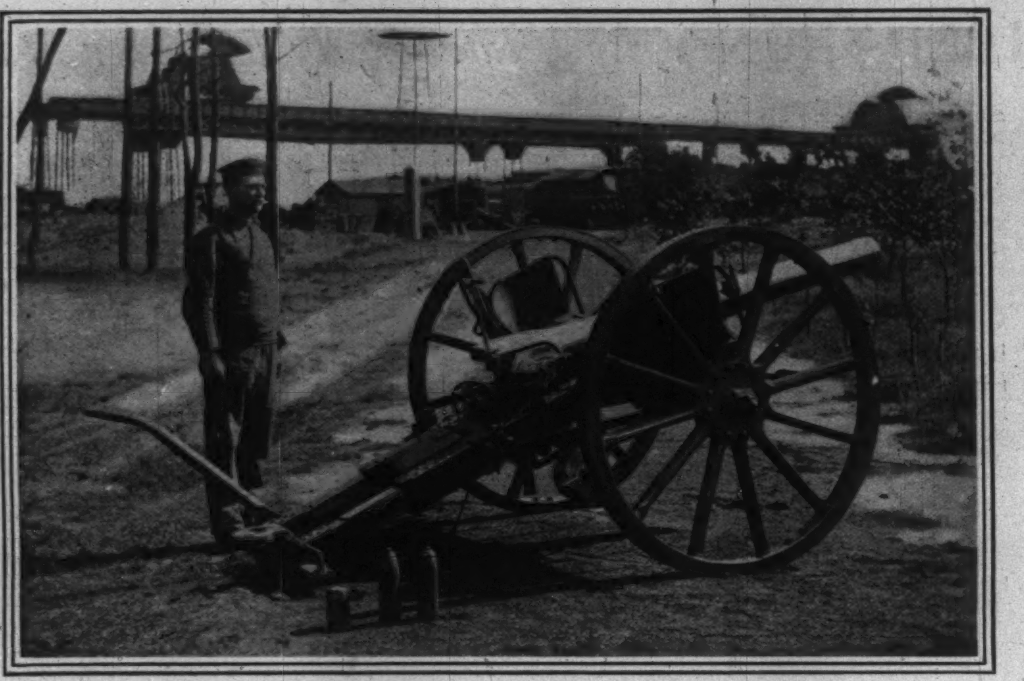
† Reports from General White's column in South Africa state that the extreme effective range of his field-guns was found in actual service not to exceed 4500 yards.



THE BRITISH WEAPON.
Field-Carriage for Vickers' Quick-Firing Gun.



ONE OF THE BOER "LONG TOMS."
A Krupp 10.5-Centimetre (4.13-Inch) Siege-Gun.



A KRUPP 7.5-CENTIMETRE RAPID-FIRE GUN.

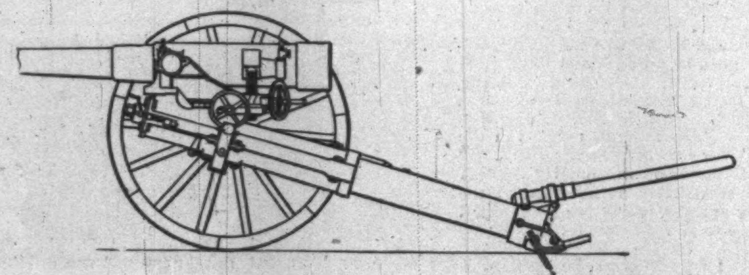
value of English field-guns was challenged by British officers, and attention also called to the fact that, calibre for calibre, French naval guns were superior to those carried on British war-ships. If one is to judge by the range-tables furnished by the respective governments, French naval ordnance leads to-day the same as it did five years ago. It is just possible that the value of French naval guns is not being appreciated in foreign services as much as it should be, and there may yet be a lesson learned more severe than that which was imparted at the crossing of the Tugela.

The English gun-making firm of Vickers Sons & Maxim has recently produced a 3-inch field-gun using a 12½-pound shell, and having an initial velocity of 1700 feet per second. The gun is probably the most efficient weapon of its kind produced in England; but as it is a new piece, it has not been adopted to any great extent. It is safe to say, however, that had General Buller possessed pieces as efficient as these new Vicker rifles, he could have successfully opposed all the light Krupp guns brought against him.

It is a mistake to imagine that field-artillery employs shells as much as formerly. The ammunition largely called for to-day is shrapnel. For long-range work against buildings or against covered positions shells are used, but against troops in the open, or when protected by only light cover, recourse is had to shrapnel.

A shrapnel shell is an ordinary-looking projectile filled with a large number of small balls. The number differs in different makes of guns, but, generally speaking, a light field-gun employs between 180 and 200 shrapnel balls. These balls average about 0.024 pounds each. In French ammunition the balls rest on cast-iron disks in little saucer-like cavities. In the head of the shell is a time-fuse, and at the base a charge of black powder. Before firing, the fuse is "cut," as it is termed, at the exact number of seconds and fractions of a second at which it is desired to burst it after firing. Connection between fuse and charge is effected by a tube. Around this tube is a non-explosive but highly inflammable substance, which generates, at the moment of explosion, a thick volume of smoke, and which scatters, setting fire to combustible material. In firing shrapnel the artillerist endeavors to burst the shell at a point in the air about 30 to 50 yards short of the enemy. The small balls within are given a slightly scattering effect, owing to the opening of the walls, and at the same time they are carried onward and downward at a velocity equal to the remaining velocity of the shell proper at the time of the explosion. The general trend of the shrapnel balls, following a burst, is that of a cone. At a distance of 1000 yards from the gun all the shrapnel balls can be counted on to enter a circle having a diameter of about 25 feet. At longer ranges the dispersion is greater.

An effective shrapnel range of 4000 yards is readily gotten to-day by the best field-guns. It was only a few years ago, comparatively, when the stock answer for the effective range of shrapnel was 2000 yards. The range at which shrapnel can be used effectively is dependent on the remaining velocity of the shell proper at the time of burst. Experiments have proven that shrapnel balls, in order to inflict dangerous wounds upon horses, must have a striking energy of about 282 foot-pounds. This requires for shrapnel balls averaging 42 to the pound a remaining velocity of 874 foot-seconds. For a 15-pound projectile an initial velocity of 1600 foot-seconds will give the desired remaining velocity, at 3500 yards range, whereas for lighter shells a higher muzzle velocity is demanded.



CANET 2.95-INCH FIELD-GUN.

The value of shrapnel was never more conclusively shown than at Omdurman, when the English field-guns swept away the advancing Dervishes almost before they came within range of infantry rifle fire. So important is shrapnel regarded by the French that in the ammunition put up for the Canet field-guns 90 out of every 100 rounds are shrapnel. The balance are shell.

The ammunition supplied to field-guns in Europe is for the most part either fixed or separate. By fixed ammunition it is meant that powder charge and projectile are held by a brass case, after the manner of a rifle cartridge. Separate ammunition is generally seen with the powder held in a brass case, but with the projectile independent. The advantage in carrying the powder in a case is mainly the immunity afforded from the weather. When the powder is carried in bags artillery is prevented from fording streams where the water is likely to reach the powder-chests. The Canet ammunition is packed in the chests in separate form, the powder being held in a brass case, but by an ingenious device the projectile and cartridge-case are united just before loading. No time is thus lost in inserting projectile and powder. An American device which has met with much favor in ordnance circles in this country is a water-proof covering for powder charges, which affords all the advantages of a brass case, and at the same time reduces the weight carried.

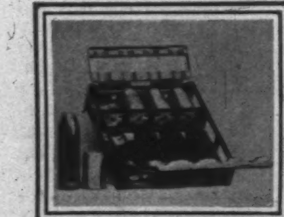


FIG. 1.

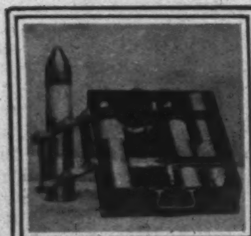


FIG. 2.

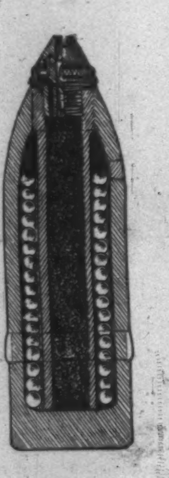


FIG. 3.

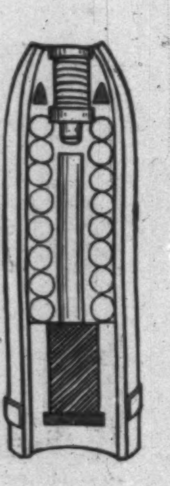


FIG. 4.

Fig. 1—Separate Ammunition.
Fig. 2—Fixed Ammunition.
Fig. 3—Shrapnel Shell.
Fig. 4—Shrapnel Shell used in the Canet Gun.

The Boer artillery contains, according to report, a number of Krupp 10.5 centimetre (4.13-inch) siege-guns. The Krupp piece of this calibre is a remarkably fine weapon. When imparting a muzzle velocity of 1886 foot-seconds to its 35.27-pounds shell a range of 11,260 yards is attained. It is the siege-pieces which the English soldiers termed "Long Toms." The weight of the Krupp 4.13-inch gun is 1.156 tons. The carriage weighs an additional 1.417 tons. When engaged in siege work the practice is to build a heavy timber structure to support the carriage. The recoil is absorbed by a hydraulic brake, the cylinder being pivoted to the foundation, and the ram attached to the trail-piece. The ease with which the Boers have transported these siege-pieces, representing over two and one-half tons weight, over rough country has been one of the surprises of the campaign.

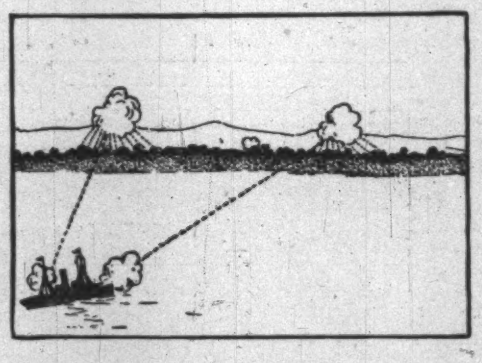
The absence of British siege-guns in General White's forces made it easy for the Boers with 4.13-inch pieces to dominate at long range all the artillery of the English force. Fortunately for the defenders of Ladysmith, a number of naval guns were secured from the cruisers at Durban before Ladysmith was wholly cut off. The despatches say that the guns were of the 4.7-inch class. The British naval gun of that calibre is a powerful weapon. The latest type of 4.7-inch guns mounted on British war-ships is capable of imparting to its projectile a muzzle velocity of 2600 feet per second. The shell of the 4.7-inch gun weighs 45 pounds. Acting under emergency demands, Captain Scott of the British navy devised, it is reported, a rough carriage, capable of supporting the 4.7-inch gun during firing-work on shore. Ox-teams were employed to drag the guns around.

The success which has attended the development of French ordnance has been recognized by more nations than the Transvaal, and lately Chilean, Greek, Brazilian, Argentine Republic, Chinese, and Japanese ships have been supplied with Canet artillery. M. Canet has probably done more in developing high velocities in French ordnance than any other man. In his experiments he has built guns of enormous length—too long, in fact, to be serviceable, but interesting as bearing out his high-velocity ideas; with a gun of 3.94-inch calibre and a length 80 times that of the bore, M. Canet has secured the enormous muzzle velocity of 3936 foot-seconds. There is a practical limit to the length of guns when the object striven for is high energy on impact. Beyond a certain length a gun of small calibre may become heavier than a larger-calibred gun of shorter length, and the energy on impact at long ranges may be less than that of the heavier shell.

High velocities are important as tending to flatten the trajectory, and thereby increase the accuracy of fire. But, generally speaking, it is high striking energy that is striven for, which involves weight as well as velocity.

Turning from a contemplation of the field-artillery of Europe, it is with no little satisfaction that one observes the high-class work and the constantly increasing facilities of the private establishments engaged in the construction of field and naval guns in the United States. The superiority of the American-made guns, in point of workmanship, is now generally recognized, and it seems only a question of a short time when the private plants in this country will be world competitors with the best establishments in Europe.

Aside from the private gun establishments at Bethlehem, Bridgeport, Derby, Reading, and other points in this country, the United States can boast of two of the most complete government plants for gun construction in the world—the Washington Gun Foundry and the Watervliet Assembly Shops, the former under the control of the navy, the latter under the control of the army. High-powered naval guns are now being turned out from the Washington Gun Foundry, which for velocity and range outclass guns of the same calibre in service abroad. Velocities of 3000 feet per second are to be realized under service conditions for such guns as the 6-inch and 4-inch calibres, and the same velocity is announced for the new 12-inch guns—the heaviest guns to be carried hereafter on vessels of the United States. Major James M. Ingalls, U. S. A., one of the best known authorities on ballistics, estimates an extreme range for the new navy 12-inch gun, when employing an 850-pound shell, of 19.7 miles. The greatest range ever attained in actual experiments was secured on the Meppen firing-grounds in Germany, in 1892, when a Krupp 9.45-inch gun threw a projectile weighing 474 pounds a distance of 22,120 yards. The time of flight of the German shell was 70.2 seconds. In applying the new range-tables to the Meppen shot, Major Ingalls found that the range as calculated and the range actually realized differed by one yard.



EFFECT OF SHRAPNEL-FIRING IN ACTION.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IT would have been a rash prophet who should have foretold, thirteen years ago, when Dr. Edward McGlynn was excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church, that the same archbishop through whom the decree of excommunication came would make a journey to visit him on his death-bed, and preside over the ceremonies at his funeral. Dr. McGlynn, in his day, was one of the best known, best loved, and hardest fought priests in America. For twenty-one years, up to 1887, he was rector of St. Stephen's Church, on East Twenty-eighth Street, in New York, and a true father to its great congregation. The disputes with the Roman Catholic authorities which led to his excommunication resulted, as most readers of the WEEKLY will remember, from his adoption of the political doctrines of Henry George as to the ownership of land. He was prominent in the Land League movement of 1882, and advocated theories about land-ownership which the Church considered inconsistent with its teachings. That made trouble, but he was not disturbed further than by warnings. He went on in 1883 making many speeches at public meetings in behalf of the poor of Ireland, and ignored the suggestion that he should visit Rome. In 1884 he was active on the Democratic side in the Cleveland-Blaine campaign; and two years later, ignoring the warnings of Archbishop Corrigan, he was a leading supporter of Henry George as candidate for Mayor of New York. In this campaign he proclaimed and reiterated his belief in the wrongfulness of private ownership of land. Being four times summoned to go to Rome, and refusing, he was excommunicated, and of course deprived of his parish. He staid out of the Roman Catholic communion for nearly six years, being readmitted in 1892, at the time of the visit of Cardinal Satolli to this country. The terms of his readmission were arranged at a conference in which concessions were made on both sides. He was then appointed to a parish at Newburg, where he took charge five years ago and continued until his death. Whatever any one may think about his land theories or his impatience of discipline, it seems not to be doubtful that he had in him the essence of religion, in that he loved his fellow-men. He was always poor, and always profuse in charity out of very limited means. And so his people loved him, and his fight with his superiors in ecclesiastical rank made a profound stir.

Dr. McGlynn opposed the Roman Catholic policy of parochial schools, believing it better that the Catholic children should go to the public schools with other children. A noted priest, a warm friend of his, who shared his views on that subject, and also his opinions on land-ownership, was Father Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn, who died a few weeks ago. They were both of that party in the Roman Catholic Church with which most Protestants feel themselves most in sympathy, because it seems to them to promote the development of what we loosely call the Americanism of the American Catholics.

IT may be recalled that about six months ago there were offered, through the New York *Sun*, three money prizes for poems adapted to abate the impression derivable from Markham's "Man with a Hoe" that the condition of the man who works with his hands is not a blessed state, and that the folks who do the world's hard manual work have an ominous score to settle with the rest of humanity. Who offered the prizes has not been disclosed. "Responsibility" is the only name that has been given to him, but the *Sun* guaranteed that he was in earnest and financially competent. The amount of the first prize has been variously stated as $500 and $400. A second prize of $200 was offered, and a third of $100. The last day of receiving manuscripts was October 15, and more than a thousand were received. Up to the time of this writing no award has been made, and there are signs that the competitors feel that the decision and awards have been unduly delayed. Various stories to account for the delay have got about. One is that the entire mass of poems was intrusted to a sorter, who, being of a speculative turn, was attracted by the conditions of the stock-market in November, and pledged two barrelfuls of the poems, valued at $20,000, as collateral security for the purchase-money of stocks that he bought, expecting an immediate rise. Instead of rising, the stocks declined, and finally grovelled; and the rumor is that the poems are still held by some financial concern, and will not be released until the market rises enough to permit the sorter to retreat in good order from his venture. This story seems to have found a good deal of acceptance; but there is no proof of it, nor even any credible authority for it. It is highly improbable on its face; for though a thousand poems entered for prizes are doubtless worth $20 apiece to the writers of them, they would hardly be accepted by a bank or a broker as security at that valuation.

The delay in making the award is not yet excessive, nor unaccountable on reasonable grounds. Sorting and estimating poetry is skilled labor, and cannot be done offhand by a corps of clerks. Very likely all the thousand antidotes to "The Man with a Hoe" had to pass under the eye of a single literary authority, that the best of them might be selected for the consideration of the judges. At the rate of thirty poems a day this preliminary sorting would take six weeks, even if the sorter kept his health and worked six days a week. But doubtless so protracted a diet of poetry would make him ill, and ten weeks is not too much to allow him. Then there must be time for the final judges to make their award; and altogether, if the prizes are awarded by St. Valentine's day, it will be fairly prompt work.

FOR nearly ten years past inventors and capitalists have been putting their heads together over voting-machines. That the paper ballot in all of its forms is rather too rudimentary a means of expressing the political preferences of the people in this mechanical age has been amply appreciated by many minds, and the disposition to improve on it has been ardent and persistent. In Rochester the Myers ballot-machine was devised some years ago, and much labor and a good deal of money were invested in perfecting and manufacturing it. The general plan of it was good and it worked pretty well, but there were mechanical difficulties about it, and it has since been beaten by other and later machines, to the sorrow of some investors. There is now on the market, however, a machine which is said to be perfect, and the use of which has been authorized by the Legislatures of New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Minnesota. It was used at the last election in Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, Utica, and other cities, and seems to have made a very favorable impression. One of these machines has been on exhibition in New York. Its backers claim that it beats the ballot in being much cheaper, and much less liable to fraud, and in greatly simplifying and expediting the casting and counting of the votes. It counts every vote as it is cast, and the returns can be read off as soon as the polls are closed. Apparently it does everything that a voting-machine ought to do, and does it perfectly. Perhaps it will come into general use; perhaps not. There is a good deal of sentiment about the paper ballot, and when sentiment and reasonableness conflict, reasonableness does not always win. Incubators hatch chickens nowadays much faster than hens do, and apparently just as well, but still the bulk of the business seems still to be done by the hens. The case of the ballot-machines is analogous to that of the incubators. Perhaps they will do our voting for us presently; we shall see. At any rate, they seem to be very well adapted to use in cities where rapid voting is necessary.

THERE is a call in Chicago for a new history of England for use in the public schools. Mr. John T. Keating, who is a member of the Chicago Board of Education, is also president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and has views about England with which the school histories now in use in Chicago are not in harmony. Mr. Keating wants school histories which shall "show the rapacity and tyranny of England in their true light." He objects to books which speak of England as the mother-country, and says that what is wanted for the schools is a history of England which shall be liberal enough to allow credit to other countries.

Mr. Keating's views and desires are not unreasonable, nor unnatural in an American of Irish descent. There is not much dispute anywhere that England, as a nation, has earned the hearty dislike of the Irish, and is entitled to harvest the consequences of it. Moreover, if Mr. Keating can get a history which shall do full justice to English faults as well as virtues, there will be a considerable market for it outside of Chicago. It might even meet a want in England itself, for there is no nation which subjects itself to such constant and heart-searching criticisms as England does. No critics of England are more candid in and out of season than English critics. Speech is free in that country, and the duty of repentance is constantly pressed home on its people by their prophets. That is one reason why England gets along and survives so much misbehavior. If Mr. Keating is satisfied with the truth about England, and is willing to accept the whole truth, which gives credit as well as blame where it is due, and preserves just proportions, there is no reason why he should not have what he wants, provided he can find it.

A SUPPLEMENTARY suggestion seems fit to be made anent this ideal history that Mr. Keating wants. The English are a people that it is important for our children to understand. It is well that our school histories should deal frankly and accurately with them. But the Irish are also a people who are of very great importance to us. Our children should understand the Irish too. Mr. Keating's history ought to deal frankly and accurately with them also, discovering if possible just what manner of folks they are, what their history is, what their virtues are, and what, if any, are their defects. A school history containing such a picture of British rapacity and tyranny (as well as of British enterprise and gumption) as Mr. Keating is willing to endorse should also contain such an estimate of Irish capacity as shall be acceptable to some disinterested person of British descent—by preference an officer of some Anglo-American society. There should be fair play in this matter. If the president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is to be the judge of what school histories in Chicago say of England, some competent and unprejudiced Orangeman should be selected to pass on such chapters as are devoted to Ireland and her sons. A history compiled on this plan would be sure to be interesting, and would probably be more edifying than those now in use.

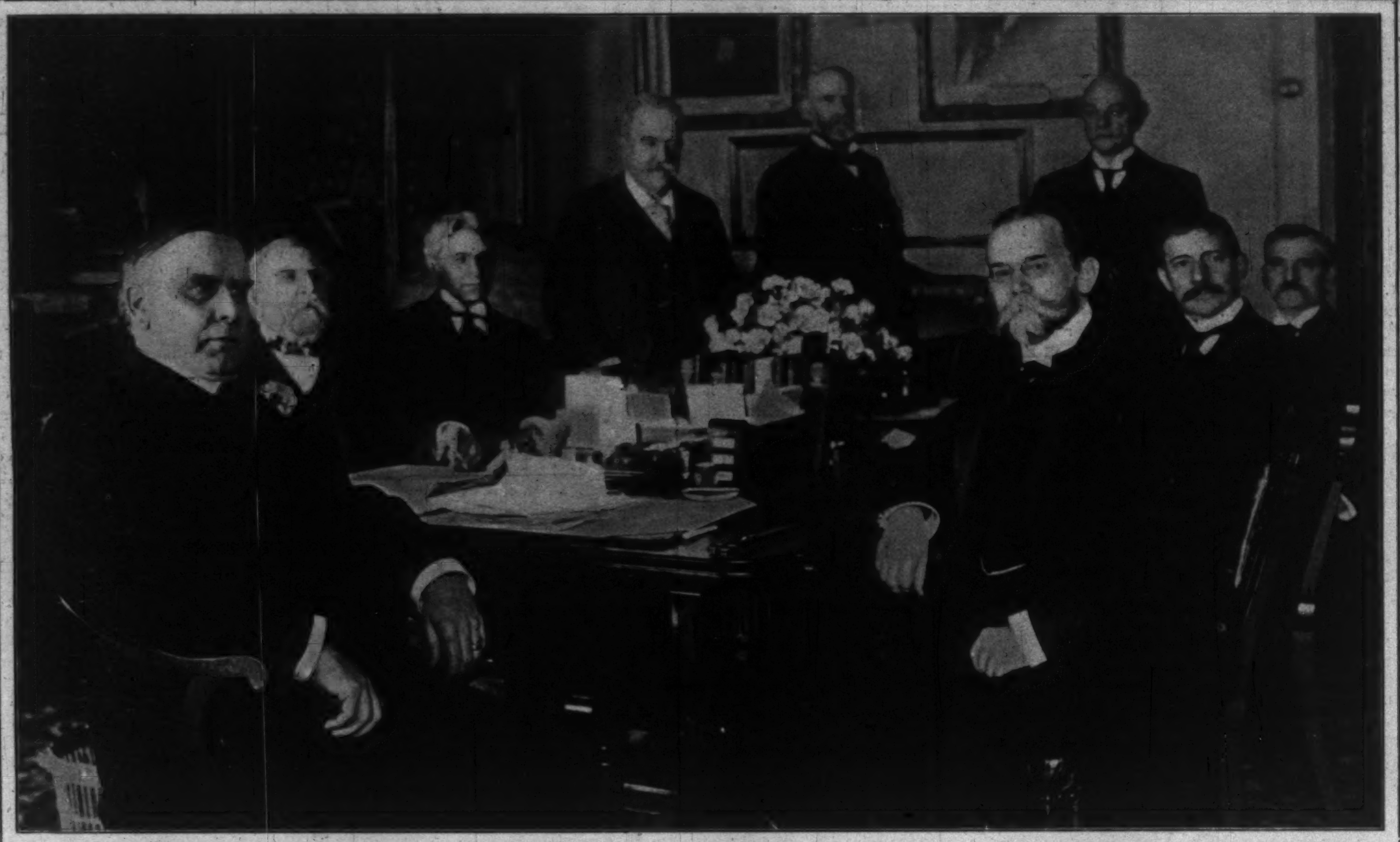
MEANWHILE history that is perfectly just is hard to find, and seems to be mighty difficult writing. Observe how educated men who are lookers-on at the South-African war differ in their views of it! The opinions of various Harvard professors on that subject have lately been reported in the Harvard *Crimson*. Fourteen professors have been quoted. Five, including two German professors, side with the Boers; nine with the English. Professor Ames of the Law School says the war, on the part of the British, is unjustifiable morally and a blunder politically. Professors Hart and Strobel, who teach history and international law, say the English are doing what we or any other country would do under like circumstances. The facts of the South African dispute are within easy reach. If contemporary observers who know them differ so much about the ethics of this war, doubtless historians who treat of it will differ also.

FOR several years we have been exhorted from time to time to save the Palisades, and some of us may have had the impression that we had done it. It seems we have not. Something has been done. Five years ago the New Jersey Legislature passed a law, good as far as it went, to protect so much of the Palisades as gave on water-front that the State still controlled, but that is not much. New York and New Jersey, too, have both petitioned the Federal government to take the Palisades for fortification purposes, but unluckily they are of no special use for military purposes of any sort, and the government does not want them. A new scheme, lately projected, is to have New York and New Jersey unite in condemning the narrow strip of land along the river from Fort Lee to Piermont (thirteen miles), at the base of the Palisades, for park purposes, and make a drive on it along the river. That would shut off the quarrymen. The drive would be beautiful, and the expense would not be unduly great. If this plan is really as feasible as it looks, let us hope it will be carried out. The whole country has an interest in the Palisades. They ought not to be destroyed, even though the stone in them does make excellent roads.

GENERAL CORBIN'S announcement that the Lawton fund will reach $85,000 is very gratifying, and means that General Lawton's character and services have really been appreciated by his countrymen. It means, too, that the work of raising the money has been in good hands. The fund is not a bit too large. It will merely provide for Mrs. Lawton and her four children an income about equal to a major's pay.

THE Kentucky war-cloud is black enough to draw national attention. Apparently, and so far as can be judged at this writing, Goebel's valor is very slightly modified by discretion. The Kentucky Legislature is Democratic, and can declare him to be Governor. Everybody knows, however, that Taylor carried the election, and that if Goebel attempts to establish himself as Governor it will be an attempt to take what is not his. Goebel is, nominally, a Democrat, but it does not appear that his pretensions will have the support or encouragement of Democrats outside of his own State. His case is so bad, his intentions and his methods have been so perverse, and the election law on which his hopes depend and which he himself devised is so vicious a law, that it is hard to understand where he can find the assurance to make the fight that seems to be expected of him. But if he does make a fight and gets Kentucky thoroughly warmed up, it seems reasonable, knowing Kentucky as we think we do, to apprehend that there will be razors in the air, and that Reason will retire to the cellar and Discretion will hide under the bed. But, after all, Kentucky abounds in people who are fairly sensible and sober-minded as well as valorous, and it is wiser not to expect them to kill one another on account of a rascal like Goebel until we see them so employed. Goebel isn't worth a war, and even his friends must know it.

THE League of American Wheelmen is interested in a bill which invites Congress to appropriate $5,000,000 for good roads. The League proposes as a beginning to secure the construction of sundry great military highways connecting Boston, Philadelphia, and New York with Chicago by way of Albany. The use of such highways for military purposes is not so obvious as it might be if there were a more general prejudice against shipping soldiers by rail; but when it is suggested that these roads would be very handy for long-distance automobile travelling, that is comprehensible and appeals. A few years ago, before we found so many new ways of spending money, there was a good deal of talk about road-making by State and national governments; but since the spring when our existence was threatened by Spain and we began to lick so many new issues of defensive revenue stamps, less has been heard of it. Nevertheless, good roads are attractive and are worth their cost, particularly when the State pays for them. There is a story that the commission appointed by Governor Roosevelt to hold an autopsy on the Erie Canal is going to report that the canal can probably be reanimated at an expense of $60,000,000, and that that amount of money had better be so expended by the State. That is money enough to improve the roads of New York State very materially; but it is rather idle comment to say so, for while the canal may possibly get a $60,000,000 improvement, the roads never will. The people who diffuse money in large masses are not the people who spend their winters in the country, and are, consequently, not very much interested in the improvement of roads.



President McKinley. Sec. Gage. Attor'y-Gen. Griggs. Sec. Long. Sec. Wilson. Sec. Hay. Sec. Hitchcock. Sec. Root. P. M.-Gen. Smith.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET.

The First published Photograph of the Cabinet as at Present constituted.

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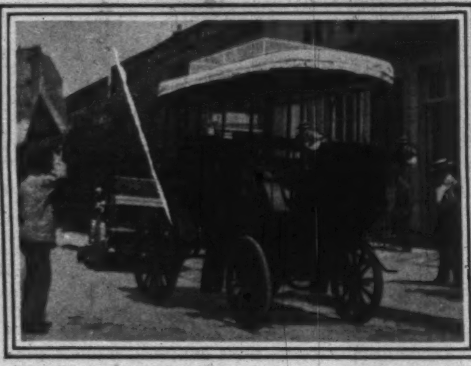
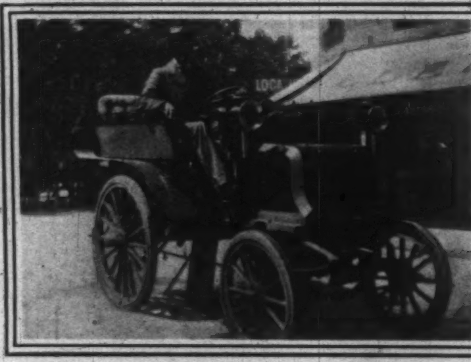
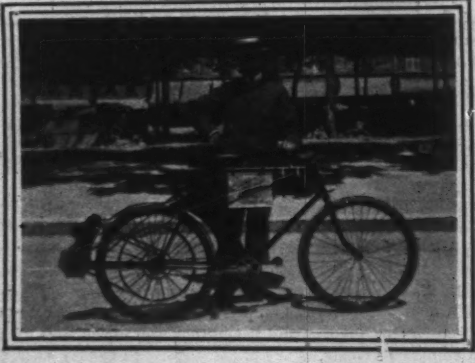


MOTOR SURREY.



PETROLEUM PARK TRAP.



MOTOR BICYCLE.

French Motor Vehicles

ELECTRICITY in America, steam in England, and the gas-engine in France. Roughly speaking, this has been the general line of development in the science of automobilism, and it should be noted that there has been an equally marked divergence in the type of vehicle turned out by the several inventors. The American experimenter has worked chiefly in the field of urban service—the delivery wagon, the cab, and the pleasure carriage. For this line of work electricity is admirably suited, and its employment is now a practical achievement.

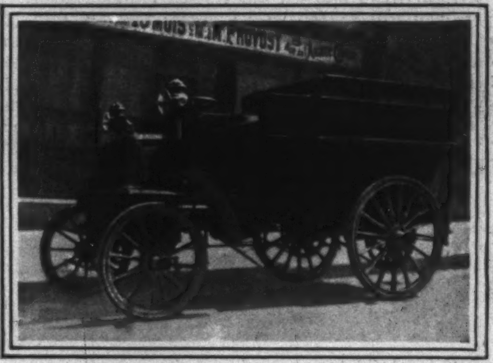
The English inventors have paid particular attention to the utilitarian side of the problem—the employment of the automobile as a purely commercial agent. The passenger-omnibus, the road traction engine, and the goods-dray are the characteristic types of English motor construction, and the propulsive force for this sort of heavy work is naturally steam.

In France the line of development has been in the direction of the light road carriage for all-round use. In its special form it may be a racing-machine, but normally it is the automobile pure and simple, the machine that every one may afford to own and be competent to manage. For general use electricity is too expensive both in equipment and in running cost, and steam is complicated in action and handicapped by its needing a double food-supply—water and fuel.

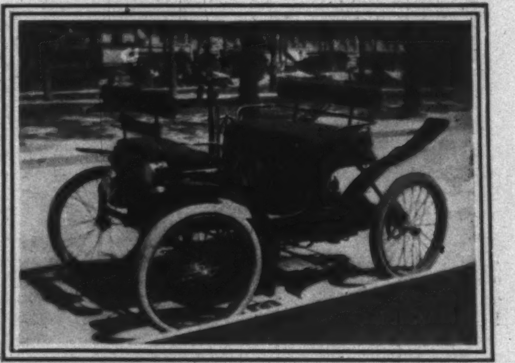
The petroleum-motor lacks the elasticity of the steam-engine, and it cannot compare in smoothness of running with the rotary action of an electric motor. Its superiority over both steam and electricity lies in its remarkable powers of endurance and in its lightness and compactness. It has but one weak point—its cylinder—and but one complicated structure—its carburetor. On the other hand, there are numberless parts in a steam boiler and engine that are subject to injury, and failure anywhere means a break-down. It must be remembered that a motor intended for road use must be strong enough to stand not only its normal running load, but also the extra strain incidental upon bad weather and rough roads. Here the petroleum-motor stands easily first. In all the history of road racing in France, only once has the prize been won by a steam-carriage.

In the important essential of weight the petroleum-motor is in a class by itself. The lightest electrical equipment scales up in the hundreds of pounds, and it is impossible that this dead load should ever be materially reduced under the present system of storage-battery construction. The petroleum-engines can be built light enough for use on a bicycle or tricycle, and indeed the latest type of motor adopted for the de Dion tricycles works up to the high figure of two and a quarter horsepower. The invention of radiating flanges has also obviated in great measure the necessity of carrying a large water-supply for cooling the cylinders.

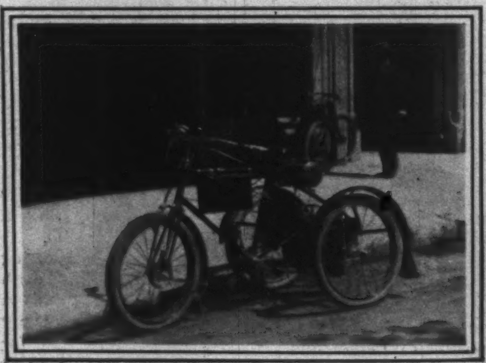
There are hundreds of gasoline vehicles in daily use in the Parisian streets, and, as the illustrations show, they include every type of carriage construction, from the cumbrous wagonette down to the motor bicycle. The early inventors naturally took the ordinary type of horse-carriage as the basis of their experiments, and it is only within the last two or three years that any marked modification in form has been developed. But to-day we have the voiturette and the motorette standing midway between the bicycle and the wagon, and the evolution is likely to go on until the automobile type has been finally perfected.



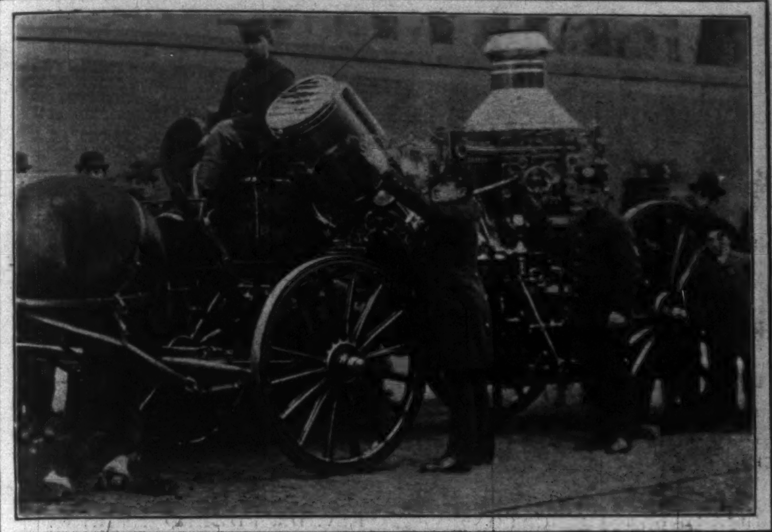
PETROLEUM WAGONETTE.



PETROLEUM VOITURETTE.

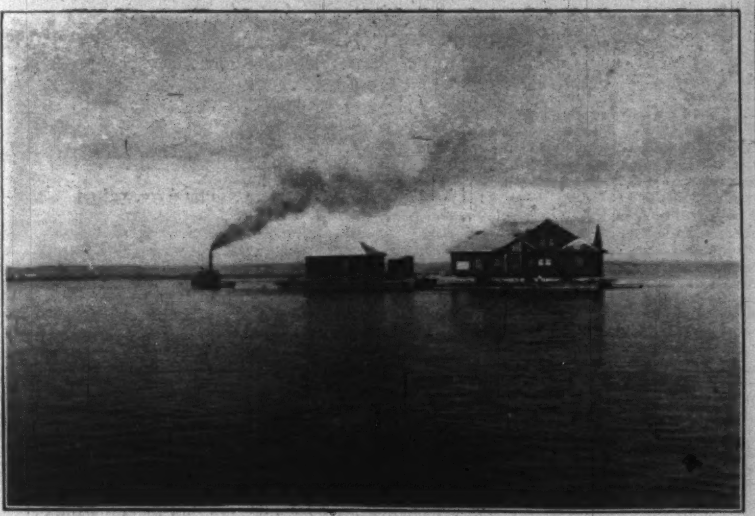


THE DE DION TRICYCLE.



THE SEARCH-LIGHT ENGINE.

A device recently adopted by the New York Fire Department. The search-lights are used to facilitate the work of the firemen in dark buildings or in poorly lighted streets. The lanterns can be made to concentrate their power on one point or to spread their light over a large area. Experiments have proved the machine to be practical.



MOVING A HOUSE BY WATER.

THIS feat was accomplished at San Diego, California. The building shown in the picture, floating on large lighters, is a sanitarium containing about twenty rooms. Its original site was on Florence Heights—a hill about three hundred feet from the bay. The house was moved down the slope on rollers, placed aboard the barges, and towed ten miles up the bay to Coronado, where it was again placed upon solid ground near the Hotel del Coronado. This is probably the first time that a house has been moved from place to place on a waterway.

Canadians in South Africa

THERE was from the first no doubt in the mind of any one that the Canadian regiment would give a good account of itself in South Africa; indeed, those who were in the best position to know expressed the highest confidence in this splendid body of men. Accordingly, when the despatches towards the end of the year referred to the Canadian contingent as a part of the force sent northward from De Aar to protect Lord Methuen's line of communication, interesting developments were expected.

On January 1, one hundred Canadians of the Toronto company had their share in Colonel Pilcher's brilliant exploit when that officer led a mounted force to surprise a command of rebels at Sunnyside laager; and as Australians were also participants in this raid, we had the curious spectacle of loyal colonials from opposite sides of the world punishing disloyal colonists in Africa, who, not less closely than themselves, were united to England by the bond of blood and by inclusion up to this time in the British imperial policy.

In a despatch dated January 4 we were told that Colonel Pilcher had brought off all the loyalists from Douglas, returning to a point near Belmont, and that during this journey the Canadians acted as an escort to the refugees, "carried babies for the women, and kept everybody lively by singing as they marched along." Again, and only a few days later, credit was given to Canadian and Australian enterprise for expeditions beyond the border and well within the territory of the burghers.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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QUALITIES to infants are contained in every can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "It saved the baby's life" is the message received from thousands of mothers. Eagle stands First.—[*Adv.*]

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COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE has stood the test for forty years; a trial case will explain the reason.—[*Adv.*]

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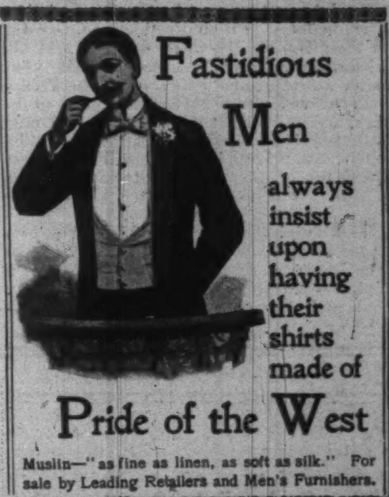
CHICAGO, ILL.
Booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat" free



Fastidious Men always insist upon having their shirts made of Pride of the West Muslin—"as fine as linen, as soft as silk." For sale by Leading Retailers and Men's Furnishers.

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that can be repaired only in the factory in which it was made is not the tire on which it will be safe for you to wander far from home. In the Dunlop Tire that part which holds the air is a separate tube of pure rubber, and can be instantly removed and the minutest puncture readily discovered and repaired, and

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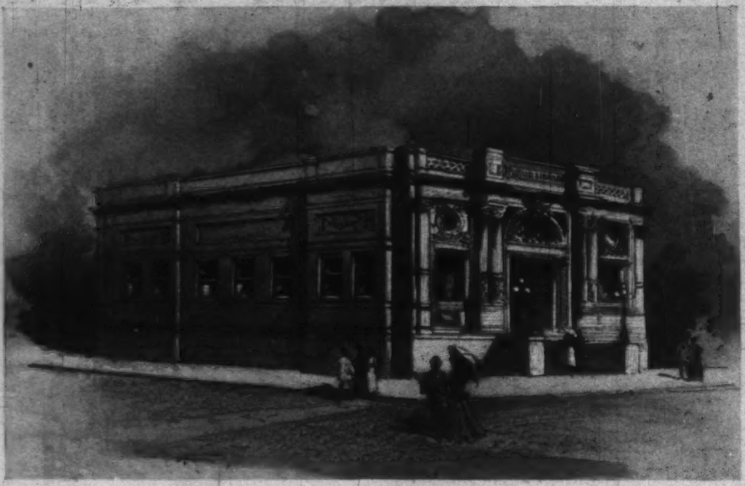
The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

BRIG.-GEN. W. A. HAMMOND.
Late Surgeon-General, U. S. A.
Born Aug. 28, 1828. Died Jan. 5, 1900.



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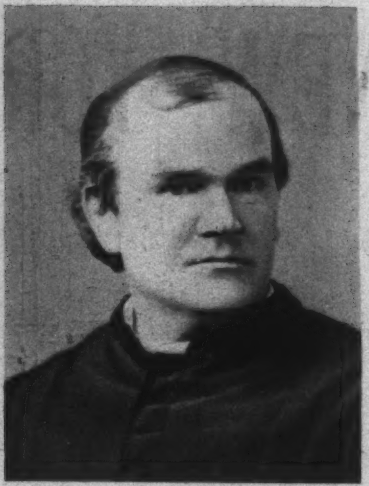
To be built and given to the City by Mayor James D. Phelan.



REV. DR. EDWARD McGLYNN.
Born Sept. 27, 1837. Died Jan. 7, 1900.

South-African Celebrities

BY EDGAR MELS

FORMER EDITOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG DAILY NEWS

A MAN'S civilization is put to its severest test when he has to face the trials and worries attendant upon a residence in a semicivilized country. Anybody can be civilized in New York or London, where civilization runs riot, but it takes more than a mere external coating of civilized usages to enable a man to remain a man in—well, say in South Africa.

Go to a land where the rule of society is less severe than here; where man can wear what he pleases; where life is cheap (and living high)—and you will soon realize that it is the invisible cage known as "social amenities" that keeps man a really civilized being. In a land like South Africa man takes liberties with society, and indulges in things which would not be permissible elsewhere. It does not necessarily follow that he steals horses or turns incendiary, but he certainly does not restrict himself as he would nearer to the centres of civilization.

Therefore the men who have made, and perhaps unmade, South Africa must not be judged by the same standard as celebrities in other parts of the world. Conditions were and are different there, and mankind must temper its actions, like the shorn lamb, to the winds prevailing.

Men like Kruger and Rhodes cannot be considered in the same light as politicians or scientists, or the like. They are in a class of their own—playing for an empire to-day, fighting for a mine to-morrow. Nor should they be judged too harshly. They are following the dictates of their respective consciences—if such an inconvenient thing exists in South Africa—and no man can do better than his best. But, take them all in all, these empire-builders of the Dark Continent are no worse than others of their kind.

It was a little after four A.M. when Stephanus Paulus Kruger, President of the South-African Republic, made my acquaintance. He was sitting on the vine-covered veranda of his home in Pretoria. He was dressed in a black frock-coat, trousers that bagged atrociously at the knees, and he held in one hand a huge bowl of steaming coffee, that wafted a fragrant welcome to the writer. In the dim light of dawn Oom Paul looked decidedly unhandsome. His heavy frame, uncouth beard, guttural voice—in fact, the tout ensemble bore a startling resemblance to—to his pictures.

Dr. Leyds, then the Secretary of State for the Transvaal, and incidentally son-in-law of the President, introduced me to Oom Paul. In harshest Dutch he bade me welcome. He can speak English as well as most Boers, but for diplomatic reasons prefers to pretend ignorance of the language. So he spoke of the crops, dilated upon the beauties of Pretoria, and then excused himself on the plea of a cabinet meeting.

And all this before five in the morning!

Impressions after a lapse of time are apt to be softened, but to me Oom Paul appeared a lovable, good old man, who adored his land, and who had just enough stubbornness to make a success of most things he undertook. This impression was strengthened by talks I had with men in all paths of life. They believed in their President as they did in their Bible. His word was law, and his wishes the wishes of his people. He ruled as an autocrat, and often when the Volksraad proved stubborn he threatened to resign, and so brought it to terms. And now his fate is in the balance. Either he will be forced into private life, or he will be the first President of the United States of South Africa. Which shall it be?

The brainiest man South Africa has produced so far is William J. Leyds. Born in the Transvaal, educated in Europe, he is a diplomat and minister of exceptional ability. Tall and suave, he would never be considered a Boer, as the Boer has been pictured. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. Perhaps the best criterion of this is a letter written last month to me:

> It is with great interest that I received your letter. You are not a stranger to matters concerning our republic, and I can only congratulate myself that, if there are not many, yet there are some now in several parts of the world who, like you, having through residence a fair knowledge that our cause is a just and a righteous one, will not fail to expose the tactics followed by our adversaries, and to inform the world at large that we have striven honestly for that which is good and right.
>
> There is one point in your letter to which I wish to draw your attention. You say, "Aided by the natives, the Boers will prove a hard proposition." Nothing would be further from the minds of the Burghers of the republics than to endeavor to make use of any colored natives as their allies in their struggle against Great Britain, and it will be within your knowledge that in their former struggles, either in 1881 or during Jameson's raid, they have never sought to solicit such aid. It is contrary to their nature to allow the colored races to take part in a strife between whites. But even if they had no natural aversion, their grasp of the political situation would be sufficient to make them abstain from such a measure, for the consequences might be terrible. I say so much on this matter, as I have reliable information to the effect that the tactics we condemn are actually being followed by the English. It may be taken as a fact that colored natives have already been made use of to fight against us. I feel that our government can only and will protest against this unrighteous proceeding.

"Born in a garret, in the gutter bred," applies to the late Barney Isaacs, better known to fame as Barney Barnato. Born in the Whitechapel district of London, he was at an early age forced to worry along for himself. So he turned juggler and acrobat, spreading his carpet on the sidewalks, turning flipflaps and juggling with eggs. This done, he collected the pennies which generous spectators gave, and thus managed to eat.

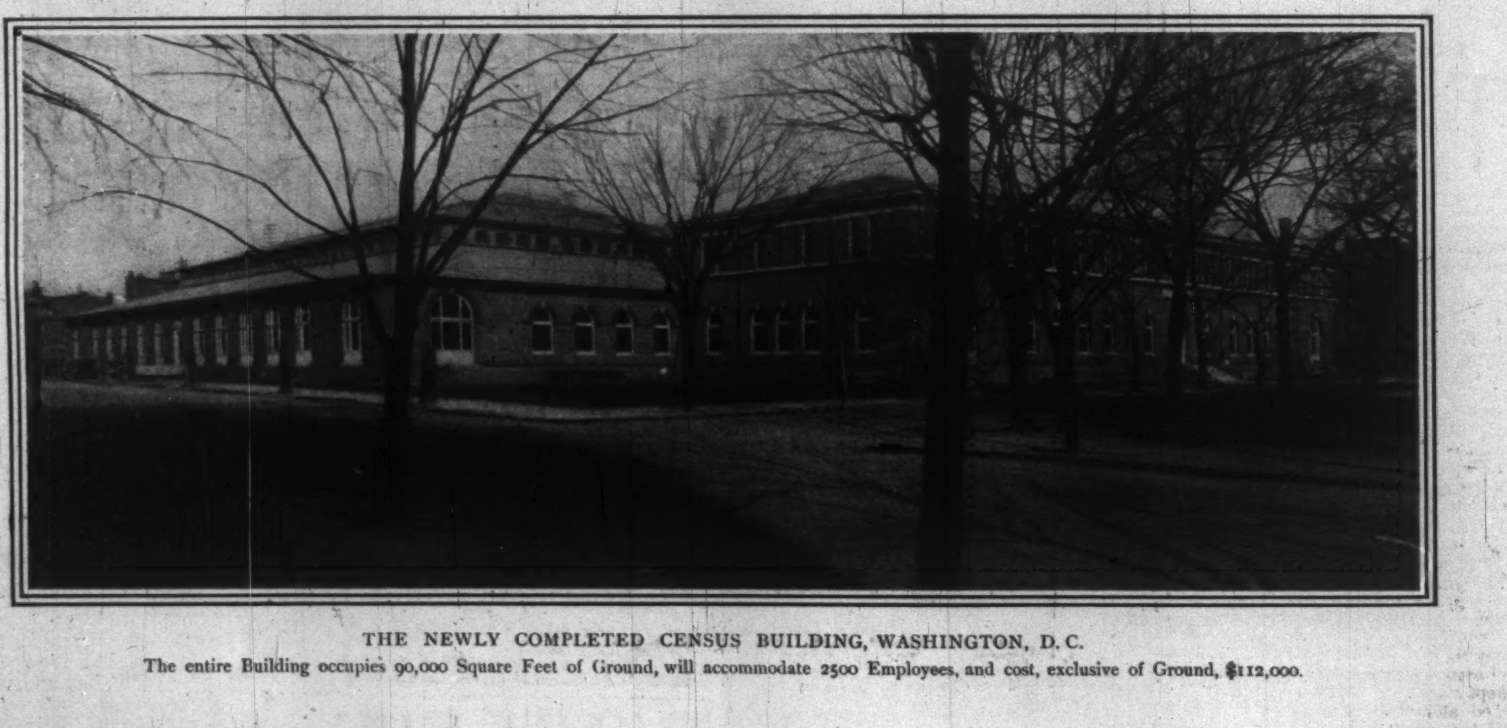
Being of a saving nature, he accumulated enough to go to the Cape, where diamonds had just been discovered. Once there, he tempted fate by playing *Hamlet* in the Kimberley Town Hall—a feat which is still remembered throughout South Africa with thrills of dread.

My first view of him was in front of the Queen's Theatre, Kimberley. He was indulging in a rough-and-tumble fight with Luscombe Searella, the manager of the house. When friends separated the pair, the multimillionaire repaired to the Central Hotel across the way, and expressed his opinion of his opponent in language both picturesque and to the point.

Talkative, self-assertive, vain to a degree, Barnato was yet a pleasant companion, for he had a natural though rough wit, and a heart that was large and charitable. He was a nervy genius, too. Once, in the Kimberley stock-exchange, he stemmed the tide that was about to overwhelm the Kafir market with ruin. A bank had failed; there was no water to work the mines, and stocks were tumbling headlong. Then Barnato stepped into the breach. Without flourish of trumpet he bought all that was offered, minute after minute, hour after hour, and when the day ended Barney Barnato, street juggler, had invested ten million dollars in a bear market, and the situation was saved.

"Slim Piet" Joubert told me the story of Majuba Hill, in the home of Landrost De Beers, in Johannesburg. It was a simple story, simply told, but it was a song of triumph nevertheless—the triumph of his people.

"We had about given up hope," said he, "when, after a council, we decided to make one more stand. Scouts brought intelligence that General Colley had ascended Majuba Hill during the night, and we decided to attack. It is commonly thought that we had nearly as many men as the English, but in reality we had less than one hundred. Twelve of our best marksmen were posted on Laing's Nek, and the rest deployed around the rear of the hill, where the incline was the gentlest. But before we began to fight we went on our knees in the veldt and prayed to our God for help. And He heard our prayer. How well we fought history will say."



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The entire Building occupies 90,000 Square Feet of Ground, will accommodate 2500 Employees, and cost, exclusive of Ground, $112,000.

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, - - - - - - President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1900.

ASSETS.

United States, State, City, County, and other Bonds (cost value $138,312,584), market value, Dec. 31, 1899	$144,528,785
Bonds and Mortgages (715 first liens)	36,297,517
Real Estate (72 pieces, including 12 office buildings)	17,082,000
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal value thereof, $18,000,000)	11,557,714
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest	10,050,049
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. ($3,556,232 cost value), market value, Dec. 31, 1899	5,955,500
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value, $4,177,523)	3,278,450
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,254,390
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,206,423
Premium Notes on policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, $3,400,000)	1,850,404
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1,389,116
Total Assets	$236,450,348

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Department), December 31, 1899		$192,024,281
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment		2,990,583
Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company		3,507,699
Accumulated Surplus Funds, voluntarily reserved and set aside by the Company to provide Dividends payable to policy-holders during 1900, and in subsequent years:		
FIRST.—(Payable to Policy-holders in 1900):		
To holders of Accumulation Policies, the period of which matures in 1900	$2,178,107	
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies	594,194	
To holders of 5-Year Dividend Policies	125,384	
Total in 1900	$2,897,685	
SECOND.—(Payable to Policy-holders, subsequent to 1900, as the periods mature):		
To holders of 20-year-Period Policies	$17,583,264	
To holders of 15-Year-Period Policies	7,523,811	
To holders of 10-Year-Period Policies	577,637	
To holders of 5-Year Dividend Policies	279,965	
Aggregate		28,862,362
Other Funds for all other contingencies		9,065,423
Total Liabilities		$236,450,348

CASH INCOME, 1899.

New Premiums (Annuities, $1,517,928)	$10,356,887	
Renewal Premiums	31,781,615	
TOTAL PREMIUMS		$42,138,502
Interest on:		
Bonds	$6,121,503	
Mortgages	1,862,836	
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by reserves on policies	736,406	
Other securities	376,725	
Rents received	890,805	
Dividends on Stocks	244,486	
TOTAL INTEREST, RENTS, &c.		10,232,761
Total Income		$52,371,263

EXPENDITURES, 1899.

Paid for Losses, Endowments, and Annuities	$16,022,766
Paid for Dividends and Surrender Values	6,184,209
Commissions and all other payments to agents ($4,628,069) on New Business of $202,309,080; Medical Examiners' Fees, and Inspection of Risks ($527,799)	5,155,868
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on $859,562,905 of Old Business, and Miscellaneous Expenditures	5,382,527
Balance—Excess of Income over Expenditures for year	19,625,893
Total Expenditures and Balance	$52,371,263

INSURANCE ACCOUNT,

ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.

	NUMBER OF POLICIES.	AMOUNT.
In Force, December 31, 1898	373,934	$944,021,120
New Insurance Paid for, 1899	99,357	202,309,080
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1899	1,116	2,873,077
TOTAL PAID-FOR BUSINESS	474,407	$1,149,203,277
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c.	36,631	87,331,292
PAID-FOR BUSINESS IN FORCE DECEMBER 31, 1899	437,776	$1,061,871,985
Gain in 1899	63,842	$117,850,865

COMPARISON FOR EIGHT YEARS.

(1891-1899.)

	Dec. 31, 1891.	Dec. 31, 1899.	Gain in Eight Years.
Assets	$125,947,290	$236,450,348	$110,503,058
Income	31,854,194	52,371,263	20,517,069
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders	1,260,340	2,768,748	1,508,408
Total Payments of Year to Policy-holders	12,671,491	22,206,977	9,535,486
Number of Policies in Force	182,803	437,776	254,973
Insurance in Force, premiums paid	$575,689,649	$1,061,871,985	$486,182,336

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

Albany, January 4, 1900.

I, LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, A MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY having no Capital Stock, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1899, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $192,024,281.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that the admitted Assets are

$236,450,348.

The General Liabilities, $2,990,583. The Net Policy Reserve, as calculated by this Department, $192,024,281, making the Total Liabilities, per State Laws,

$195,014,864.

The Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company,

$3,507,699.

The Accumulated Surplus Funds voluntarily reserved and set aside by the Company to provide dividends payable to policy-holders in 1900, and in subsequent years,

$28,862,362.

Other Funds for all other contingencies,

$9,065,422.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.

News of Warfare

I.—IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE rescue of Lieutenant Gillmore and the *Yorktown* men was mentioned in the WEEKLY dated December 30. Official confirmation of the statement followed on January 5, when General Otis cabled to the War Department that Colonels Hare and Howze had just arrived at Vigan with American prisoners. Two days later Lieutenant Gillmore outlined to correspondents at Manila the story of his long captivity and the opportune appearance of Colonel Hare's command on December 18.

A score of miles south of Manila the new campaign began to develop its principal features during the first days of the year. General Schwan and General Wheaton, with separate columns, were in Cavité province. On January 5 an intrenched force at Biñan and Carmona, numbering about 200, was dislodged and driven back from the shore of Laguna de Bay. The Americans withdrew, however, and when General Schwan's column advanced in the same territory on the 6th and 7th the work had to be done once more. The insurgents inflicted a slight loss, and then retreated inland, General Schwan following, occupying Silang and Indang, in the heart of Cavité province, and capturing artillery and ammunition. A part of General Wheaton's column struck the enemy near Imus, about ten miles north of Silang, on January 7, killing and wounding 140. The same day an intrenched force west of Bacoor on Manila Bay was driven by a battalion of the Twenty-eighth, the natives leaving on the field sixty-five dead and forty wounded. General Otis reported, as our loss thus far, Lieutenant Ward Cheney and four enlisted men killed and twenty-four enlisted men wounded. Much farther toward the south, near Los Baños, on the southern shore of Laguna de Bay, an insurgent band was surrounded by troops of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, and the leader captured.

Meantime resistance in the north continued. On January 5 an attack was made on a Mount Arayat stronghold, seventy miles as the crow flies north of the scene of Schwan's and Wheaton's operations. The insurgents were dispersed after they had killed or wounded five of our men, and several Americans held as prisoners at that place were released.

II.—IN SOUTH AFRICA

General French found that he had not troops enough to drive the Boers from Colesberg; on the arrival of re-enforcements from De Aar, however, his force gradually encircled the town. Under date of January 6 he reported that four companies of the Suffolk regiment advanced by night against a low hill one mile from their camp, and attacked at dawn. Their commander was wounded; three of the companies retreated to camp, while the fourth, attempting to hold the ground, was surrounded and compelled to surrender.

An aggressive disposition, not surprising after General Gatacre's punishment, was evinced by the burghers at Stormberg. On January 3 a force from this stronghold seized Molteno, and held the position until General Gatacre came up with re-enforcements from Sterkstroom.

For the relief of Colonel Baden-Powell's force at Mafeking, Colonel Plumer with about 2000 Rhodesians was said to be coming down from Fort Tuli, beyond the northern Transvaal border.

The Boer army that had perfected its works along the Tugela River, now convinced that General Buller's relief column south of Colenso could not or would not budge, lent aid to the forces investing Ladysmith, and a determined effort was made to carry some of the positions essential to General White's defence of the town. On January 6, at 2.45 A.M., federal troops "in considerable force" attacked Cæsar's Camp, directly south of Ladysmith, and a little later the attempt included Wagon Hill, the next commanding position towards the west. According to General White's account, "the enemy was in great strength, and pushed the attack with the greatest courage and energy. Some of our intrenchments on Wagon Hill were three times taken by the enemy and retaken by us." The action continued nearly seventeen hours, or until 7.30 P.M. One part of the English position, seized in the first onrush, was occupied by the Free-Staters throughout the day, but at dark, in a very heavy rain-storm, the Devonshire regiment turned them out at the point of the bayonet. The attack was repulsed everywhere with very heavy loss.

At nine o'clock in the morning of that day General Buller received General White's message stating that the fight had begun and was still continuing. At 1 P.M. he learned from the same source that the enemy had been re-enforced from the south. At 4 P.M. he had word that the enemy were still around White in great numbers. Exactly when he received White's message, "Attack renewed. Very hard pressed," we do not know; but the earlier appeals were certainly strong enough to set an ordinary relief column in motion.

General Buller's response, if we may credit the despatches from Frere Camp on January 7, was as follows: At two o'clock in the afternoon a demonstration began—a "pretty affair"—simulating an attack on the Boer lines near Colenso, but not even playing the part well enough to draw more than "a slight fusillade" from the trenches.

General White's losses on this day were not known when this page went to press. Excluding these, the latest official returns showed that the British casualties in South Africa since the beginning of hostilities were—killed, 1027; wounded, 3675; missing, 2511.

After the seizure of the *Bundesrath*, other vessels bound for Delagoa Bay were searched or captured by the British. On January 9 it was said that Germany had addressed two notes to Great Britain, challenging the latter's right to detain vessels making the voyage between neutral ports. The answer was provisional but conciliatory in its tone, stating that the British government found themselves unable to acquiesce in a doctrine which, though laid down by the German Foreign Office, was not supported by eminent German jurists.

MARRION WILCOX.

Atlantic and Pacific Steamers

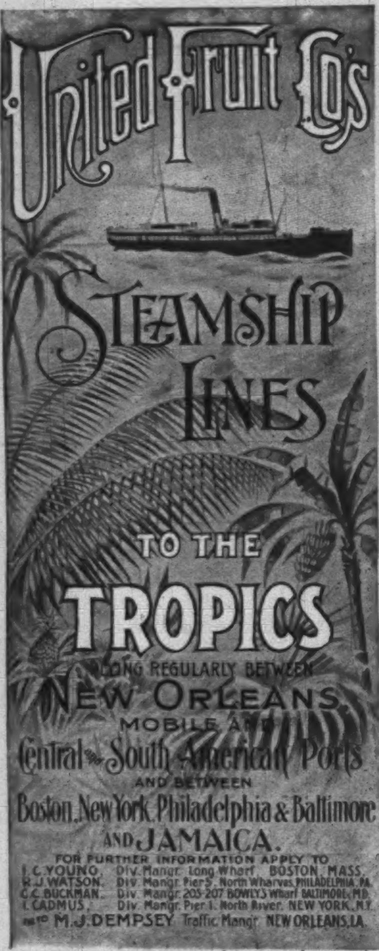
THE development of our Pacific-coast trade is an assured fact now, and with its expansion comes the inauguration of a new era of steamship-building. The Pacific-coast engineers are already drawing their plans for mammoth steamships which will engage in the future carrying trade between San Francisco and the Far East. A well-known Pacific Ocean shipbuilder has informally laid down the rule that the steel ships of the future will average 200 feet for each thousand miles they have to travel. Atlantic Ocean steamers have reached this proportion to-day, and they are the best paying investments afloat. To keep the same average on the Pacific the steamers plying between San Francisco and the Far East will reach a thousand feet in length.

The Pacific coast builders are unanimous in their belief that such mammoth steamers are bound to come, and that they will wrest from the Atlantic liners the records for speed and carrying capacity. In building for our commerce with the Philippines and China, the character of the steamers will differ somewhat from the lines laid down by builders of transatlantic steamers. The swells in the Pacific are longer than in the Atlantic Ocean, and this consideration must be taken into account in constructing the ships. The warmer climate of the Pacific makes it necessary for the passenger-steamers to have more berth room and better ventilation. The freighters have to travel such enormous distances that the greater the carrying capacity, the cheaper will be the cost of transportation. One ship of 800 feet in length can carry a given cargo 5000 miles quicker and cheaper than two ships of 400 feet in length. A large ship does not consume twice as much coal as two small ones, nor does it take twice as large a crew or number of officers. It is estimated that one large ship will do the work of nearly three smaller ships, and pay better on the investment.

This is the reason for the adoption of larger ships for the transpacific trade. Fewer small ships will be built, and more larger ones will be immediately laid on the stocks of nearly every yard on the Pacific coast. The transpacific builders are sceptical about the lines adopted by the transatlantic constructors, and recently George W. Dickey, manager of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, made the statement in New York that the big Atlantic ships have not the best lines for speed. Judging from this and other criticisms in a similar strain, the Pacific builders expect to adopt new lines for their big ships that will make their speed phenomenal. That they can build fine ships on the Pacific Ocean is evidenced by the feats of the *Oregon*.

The lines of the new fleet of Pacific-coast steamers will probably be after those of the fast yacht, or something which approaches closely thereto. The Atlantic liners are mostly flat-bottomed, which is not considered the ideal lines for speed in any boat, and it is said that the lack of depth of water in the harbor of New York is responsible for this. By drawing the underbody of the steamers considerably toward the keel greater speed will be obtained without sacrificing any other useful quality. The full flattened bottom of the ships gives more carrying-room than the more graceful yacht design, but speed is sacrificed to utility.

The Great Lakes have their peculiar inland steamers adapted to those waters, and the queer whaleback grain-carrying steamers; and the Atlantic Ocean has developed types of ocean steamers that have no superiors in the world. It remains for the Pacific Ocean to construct a type of steamer that will be adapted to the immense carrying trade that is rapidly building up in our Far East. Will these ships of the future be mammoth thousand-feet steel vessels that will cast our modern transatlantic *Oceanics* and *New Yorks* in the shade?



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Sam Dewey and General Jackson

SINCE Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Harbor, anecdotes showing the family "grit" are in order. The following of Captain Sam Dewey is told in Washington:

There was a family of Deweys on Cape Cod in Jackson's time; whether the one from which our Admiral sprung or not, I cannot say. Its sturdiest member was Captain Sam Dewey, a ship-master of the old school who bore the American flag into the remotest seas. Captain Sam was an ardent Whig, and when Jackson's war on the United States Bank made him extremely unpopular with the Whigs of Boston, Dewey determined to show his disapproval by cutting off the head of a full-length figure of General Jackson which formed the figure-head of the famous frigate *Constitution*, then lying in Charlestown Navy-yard. This would be no easy feat, for there was a guard-ship on either side, with sentries on the watch.

But at midnight, in a heavy thunder-storm, he rowed out to the vessel, pulled himself up by her chains, and with a well-oiled hand-saw decapitated the figure, and carried the head undetected to the Gallagher House, where a party of his Whig friends were waiting to receive him. The affair soon appeared in the newspapers, and spread like wildfire throughout the country. Democratic journals announced under double-leaded head-lines, "Dastardly Outrage"; "United States Frigate Mutilated"; "Another Whig Insult to President Jackson," etc.—while the Whig newspapers applauded and chuckled over it as a huge joke. "Old Hickory Beheaded," did duty as a head-line in scores of Whig newspapers of the period. Captain Dewey became the idol of the Boston Whigs; but not content with his plaudits there, went on to Washington, bearing the head with him, intending to gain further notoriety by bearding the lion in his den. After exhibiting the trophy to Clay, Webster, and other Whig leaders, he appeared at the Navy Department with it wrapped in a red bandanna handkerchief, and sent his card to Mahlon Dickerson, then Secretary of the Navy.

"Admit him," said the Secretary, and as Dewey entered he added, "Well, my man, state your case, and be brief, for, as you see, I am busy."

"I cut off the figure-head of the *Constitution*," said Dewey, "and I have brought it here to return it."

The man's audacity paralyzed Dickerson for a moment. Then he said, "You dare disfigure Old Ironsides and then come here to tell of it?"

"I took the liberty," said Dewey, coolly.

"Well, sir," said the Secretary, reaching for the bell-rope, "we'll see if we can't have you arrested and punished."

"Hold, Mr. Secretary," said Dewey. "You are a good lawyer, and must know there is no statute against disfiguring a man-of-war. All you can do is to sue me for trespass, and that in the county where the deed was committed."

"You are right," said Dickerson, after a few moment's reflection. "And now tell me how you succeeded in getting that figure-head from under the noses of our bluejackets."

"Well," said Dickerson, after hearing the story, "you stay here while I go and see the President about this matter."

Old Hickory, on seeing the head and hearing the story, burst into a fit of laughter. "That!" said he. "Why, that is the most infernally ugly image I ever saw! No wonder the fellow wanted to remove it from the *Constitution!* You have him, you say. Well, give him a kick, with my compliments, and send him home again."

The World of Finance

THE general business situation continues to be one of confidence and steady progress, the state of the money-market is quiescent, and on the stock exchanges there has been some uneasiness, but no excitement. The English situation and the African war still constitute a factor that has to be reckoned with, but at this moment they cause no serious disturbance. The recent gold shipments, amounting to less than $15,000,000, appear to have relieved the stress of the Bank of England for the present, and they had no perceptible effect upon the money-market in New York. They were not affected by the state of exchange; but a small inducement had to be offered in the form of commissions or interest to secure the coin from the New York banks, which could easily spare it for a slight profit. They came simultaneously with increased deposits of government funds from internal revenue receipts in some of the banks, and with larger returns of money from the interior, so that the rates for loans were not affected. These have remained at about six per cent. on time, with good security, at all the money centres, and the rates for call loans fluctuate generally below that figure, which indicates a good supply of funds.

The Stock Exchange is somewhat influenced by conditions in London and other European capitals, for every agitation emanating from the war movements leads to the selling or buying of American securities in those markets, and the fluctuations thereby produced are reflected across the Atlantic. Many of these sales and purchases are effected by the arbitrage houses in New York, which are on the lookout for profits for themselves, and their operations are more or less felt upon the Exchange, where every influence is used to produce speculative variations in prices. There is little activity in standard railroad shares, the value of which is well understood. They are mostly held nowadays for investment, and are little subject to speculation. The "industrials," which involve a large element of uncertainty, have taken the prominent place in Stock Exchange operations. Some of these have been figuring actively on account of peculiar circumstance, and generally with a downward tendency in prices. The American Sugar Refining Company, known as the "Sugar Trust," for instance, has fallen materially on account of the "war" of the outside concerns and an intimation at its annual meeting that dividends may be reduced. The Tobacco and Leather combinations, about whose internal affairs little is definitely known, are in a state of constant agitation in stock circles, and the New York gas interests are similarly affected as the result of their rivalries and a failure to bring about a cessation of hostilities. The secrecy of their internal operations aggravates the situation so far as they are concerned, and reports of a combination between the leading gas company and the leading electric company, with the possible control or squeezing out of the other gas companies, adds to the uncertainty of the future. A dubious condition with reference to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company furnishes another speculative influence which mysteriously affects the other transit interests. The working of these local agitations has been the chief feature of the New York stock-market for some time, and has more or less effect, by "sympathy," upon everything else, but it has little relation to the substantial affairs of the financial world.

The iron and steel interests continue to hold a foremost place in public attention, and the final declaration of the dividend of 1¾ per cent. by the Federal Steel Company, which was delayed six months by an injunction, and the announcement that another of 2¼ per cent. would be soon forth-coming, had a stimulating effect. Railroads continue to make favorable reports of earnings, but the incident of greatest interest is the continued tendency to combination and concentrated control. What are known as the "Vanderbilt interests" have secured to their system the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, known as the "Big Four," and added the Lake Erie and Western to their Lake Shore Division, while reports are reiterated that the Pennsylvania virtually controls the Baltimore and Ohio, while the New York Central and the Pennsylvania are dominated by the same powerful set of capitalists. This tendency to a united management grows out of the assumed necessities of the situation for the maintenance of equitable and stable rates of transportation and the protection of the common interests of the great trunk lines, which are reaching out for the control of traffic from the interior to the seaboard upon both sides of the continent. These necessities are produced by the national and State legislation, which seeks to prevent combinations by prohibiting agreements and contracts affecting rates and the distribution of traffic. In other words, anti-trust and anti-pooling laws intended to force the maintenance of competition are driving the corporations to a more effectual suppression of competition by consolidation and a common control of what have been rival systems.

The tendency to competition which has long been conspicuous in the railroads of the country, and within two or three years has had a remarkable development in the industrial field, consolidating manufacturing concerns in certain lines into huge corporations popularly but erroneously called "trusts," for the control of the output and prices of various products, appears also in the field of banking. The National City Bank of New York, which has built up a vast business, with more than $100,000,000 of deposits, on a capital of $1,000,000, has lately increased that capital to $10,000,000; and the directors of the Bank of Commerce and of the National Union Bank have decided to consolidate with the same amount of capital. It is reported that after this consolidation has been effected by the approval of the stockholders of the two constituent corporations, there may be a combination of the two great banks into one institution. This seems doubtful, but the City Bank is the one chosen by the Treasury Department to act as its agent in receiving and distributing the internal revenue receipts among the depository banks of the country; and there are financiers who believe that one great bank allied with the government will ultimately displace the Sub-Treasury as an agency for receiving and disbursing all the public revenues. In view of this theory there may be significance in the tendency to develop in the national banking system one leading institution of vast financial capabilities.

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